



POEMS

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

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POEMS BY
EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN

POEMS

BY

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "IN A NEW CENTURY," "COUSIN ANTHONY AND
"WINDFALLS OF OBSERVATION"

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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POEMS BY
·EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH

TO put new shingles on old roofs;
To give old women wadded skirts;
To treat premonitory coughs
With seasonable flannel shirts;
To soothe the stings of poverty
And keep the jackal from the door—
These are the works that occupy
The Little Sister of the Poor.

She carries, everywhere she goes,
Kind words and chickens, jams and coals;
Poultices for corporeal woes,
And sympathy for downcast souls;
Her currant jelly—her quinine,
The lips of fever move to bless.
She makes the humble sick-room shine
With unaccustomed tidiness.

A heart of hers the instant twin
And vivid counterpart is mine;
I also serve my fellow men,
Though in a somewhat different line.

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH

The Poor, and their concerns, she has
 Monopolized, because of which
It falls to me to labor as
 A Little Brother of the Rich.

For their sake at no sacrifice
 Does my devoted spirit quail;
I give their horses exercise;
 As ballast on their yachts I sail.
Upon their Tally Hos I ride
 And brave the chances of a storm;
I even use my own inside
 To keep their wines and victuals warm.

Those whom we strive to benefit
 Dear to our hearts soon grow to be;
I love my Rich, and I admit
 That they are very good to me.
Succor the Poor, my sisters, I,
 While heaven shall still vouchsafe me health,
Will strive to share and mollify
 The trials of abounding wealth.

PROCUL NEGOTIIS

I THINK that if I had a farm,
I 'd be a man of sense;
And if the day was bright and warm
I 'd sit upon the fence,
And calmly smoke a pensive pipe
And think about my pigs;
And wonder if the corn was ripe;
And counsel *l'homme qui* digs.

And if the day was wet and cold,
I think I should admire
To sit, and dawdle over old
Montaigne, before the fire;
And pity boobies who could lie
And squabble just for pelf;
And thank my blessed stars that I
Was nicely fixed myself.

FUIT ILIUM

WERE you nurtured in the purple?
Were you reared a pampered pet?
Did a menial throng encircle
You in waiting while you ate?
When a baby had you lockets,
Silver cups, and forks, and spoons?
Were there coins in the pockets
Of your childhood's pantaloons?

Did hereditary shekels
Make your sweethearts deem you fair—
Reconcile them to your freckles
And your carrot-colored hair?
In electrifying raiment
Were you every day attired?
Was the promptness of your payment
Universally admired?

Did your father, too confiding,
Sign the paper of his friends?
Did his railway stock, subsiding,
Cease to pay him dividends?

FUIT ILIUM

Are his buildings slow in renting?

Did his banker pilfer, slope,
And absconding leave lamenting
Creditors to live on hope?

.

Ere you dissipate a quarter

Do you scrutinize it twice?
Have you ceased to look on water-
Drinking as a nauseous vice?
Do you wear your brother's breeches,
Though the buttons scarcely meet?
Does the vanity of riches
Form no part of your conceit?

I am with you, fellow pauper!

Let us share our scanty crust—
Burst the bonds of fiscal torpor—
Go where beer is sold on trust!
Let us, freed from *res angustæ*,
Seek some fair Utopian mead
Where the throat is never dusty,
And tobacco grows, a weed.

EPITHALAMIUM

THE marriage bells have rung their peal,
The wedding march has told its story.
I 've seen her at the altar kneel
In all her stainless, virgin glory;
She 's bound to honor, love, obey,
Come joy or sorrow, tears or laughter.
I watched her as she rode away,
And flung the lucky slipper after.

She was my first, my very first,
My earliest inamorata,
And to the passion that I nursed
For her I well-nigh was a martyr.
For I was young and she was fair,
And always bright and gay and chipper,
And, oh, she wore such sunlit hair!
Such silken stockings! such a slipper!

She did not wish to make me mourn—
She was the kindest of God's creatures;
But flirting was in her inborn,
Like brains and queerness in the Beechers.

EPITHALAMIUM

I do not fear your heartless flirt,
 Obtuse her dart and dull her probe is;
But when girls do not mean to hurt,
 But *do—Orate tunc pro nobis!*

A most romantic country place;
 The moon at full, the month of August
An inland lake across whose face
 Played gentle zephyrs, ne'er a raw gust
Books, boats, and horses to enjoy,
 The which was all our occupation;
A damsel and a callow boy—
 There! now you have the situation.

We rode together miles and miles,
 My pupil she, and I her Chiron;
At home I revelled in her smiles
 And read her extracts out of Byron.
We roamed by moonlight, chose our stars
 (I thought it most authentic billing),
Explored the woods, climbed over bars,
 Smoked cigarettes and broke a shilling.

An infinitely blissful week
 Went by in this Arcadian fashion;

EPITHALAMIUM

I hesitated long to speak,
But ultimately breathed my passion.
She said her heart was not her own;
She said she 'd love me like a sister;
She cried a little (not alone),
I begged her not to fret, and—kissed her.

I lost some sleep, some pounds in weight,
A deal of time and all my spirits,
And much, how much I dare not state
I mused upon that damsel's merits.
I tortured my unhappy soul,
I wished I never might recover;
I hoped her marriage bells might toll
A requiem for her faithful lover.

And now she 's married, now she wears
A wedding-ring upon her finger;
And I—although it odd appears—
Still in the flesh I seem to linger.
Lo, there my swallow-tail, and here
Lies by my side a wedding favor;
Beside it stands a mug of beer,
I taste it—how divine its flavor!

EPITHALAMIUM

I saw her in her bridal dress
Stand pure and lovely at the altar;
I heard her firm response—that “Yes,”
Without a quiver or a falter.
And here I sit and drink to her
Long life and happiness, God bless her!
Now fill again. No heel-taps, sir;
Here 's to— Success to her successor!

MEA CULPA

THERE is a thing which in my brain,
 Though nightly I revolve it,
I cannot in the least explain,
 Nor do I hope to solve it.
While others tread the narrow path
 In manner meek and pious,
Why is it that my spirit hath
 So opposite a bias?

Brought up to fear the Lord, and dread
 The bottomless abysm,
In Watts's hymns profoundly read
 And drilled in catechism,
I should have been a model youth,
 The pink of all that 's proper.
I was not, but—to tell the truth—
 I never cared a copper.

I had no yearnings when a boy
 To sport an angel's wrapper,
Nor heard I with tumultuous joy
 The church-frequenting clapper.

MEA CULPA

My actions always harmonized
 With my own sweet volition.
I always did what I devised,
 But rarely asked permission.

When o'er the holy book I 'd pore
 And read of doings pristine,
I had a fellow-feeling for
 The put-upon Philistine.
King David gratified my taste—
 He harped and danced boleros;
But first the Prodigal was placed
 Upon my list of heroes.

I went to school. To study? No!
 I dearly loved to dally
And dawdle over Ivanhoe,
 Tom Brown, and Charles O'Malley;
In recitation I was used
 To halt on every sentence;
Repenting, seldom I produced
 Fruits proper to repentance.

At college, later, I became
 Familiar with my Flaccus,

ME A C U L P A

Brought incense to the Muses' flame,
And sacrificed to Bacchus.
I flourished in an air unfraught
With sanctity's aroma;
Learned many things I was not taught,
And captured a diploma.

I am not well provided for,
I have no great possessions,
I do not like the legal or
Medicinal professions,
Were I of good repute I might
Take orders as a deacon;
But I 'm no bright and shining light,
But just a warning beacon.

Though often urged by friends sincere
To woo some funded houri,
I cannot read my title clear
To any damsel's dowry.
And could to wedlock I induce
An heiress, I should falter,
For fear that such a bridal noose
Might prove a gilded halter.

MEA CULPA

My tradesmen have suspicious grown,
My friends are tired of giving;
Upon the cold, cold world I 'm thrown
To hammer out my living.
I fear that work before me lies—
Indeed, I see no option,
Unless, perhaps, I advertise—
“An orphan for adoption!”

A legacy of misspent time
Is all that I 'm the heir to;
I cannot make my life sublime
However much I care to.
And if as now I turn my head
In retrospect a minute,
'Tis but to recognize my bed,
Before I lie down in it.

I am the man that I have been,
And at the final summing,
How shall I bear to see sent in
My score,—one long shortcoming!
Unless when all the saints exclaim
With righteous wrath, “*Peccavit!*”
Some mighty friend shall make his claim,
“He suffered, and—*amavit!*”

AGAIN

I WONDER why my brow is burning;
Why sleep to close my eyes forgets;
I wonder why I have a yearning
To smoke incessant cigarettes.
I wonder why my thoughts will wander,
And all restraint of mine defy,
And why—excuse the rhyme—a gander
Is not more of a goose than I.

I have an indistinct impression
I had these symptoms once before,
And dull discomfort held possession
Of this same spot that now is sore.
That sometime in a past that ranges
From early whiskers up to bibs,
My heart was ringing just such changes
As now against these selfsame ribs.

I wish some philanthropic Jenner
Might vaccinate against these ills,
And help us keep our noiseless tenor
Of life submissive to our wills;

A G A I N

And ere our hearts are permeated
By sentiments too warm by half
That we might be inoculated
With milder passion from a calf.

SNOW-BOUND

A law office; two briefless ones; a clock strikes.

JAMES

ONE, two, three, four; it 's four o'clock.
There comes the postman round the block,
And in a jiff we 'll hear his knock
Most pleasant.
Inform me, Thomas, will he bring
To you deserving no such thing
Letters from her whose praises ring
Incessant?

THOMAS

Friend of my bosom, James, refrain
From putting questions fraught with pain,
And seeking facts I had not fain
Imparted.
The said official on this stretch,
Will not, in my opinion, fetch,
Such documents to me, a wretch
Down-hearted.

S N O W - B O U N D

JAMES

Nay; but I prithee, Thomas, tell
To me, thy friend, who loves thee well,
What cause there is for such a fell
Deprival.

Why is it that the message fails?
Have broken ties, or twisted rails,
Or storm, or snow delayed the mail's
Arrival?

THOMAS

Thou art, oh, James! a friend indeed,
To probe my wound and make it bleed
To know of my affairs thy greed
Hath no bound.

The reason why, thou hast not guessed,
If storm there were, 'twas in her breast
For there my letter, unexpressed,
Lies snow-bound.

TO MABEL

UPON this anniversaree,
My little godchild, aged three,
My compliments I make to thee,
Quite heedless.
And that you 'll throw them now away,
But treasure them some future day,
Are platitudes, the which to say
Is needless.

You small, stout damsel, muckle mou'd,
With cropped tow-head and manners rude,
And stormy spirit unsubdued
By nurses,
Where you were raised was it in vogue
To lisp that Tipperary brogue?
Oh, you 're a subject sweet, you rogue,
For verses!

Last Sunday morning when we stayed
At home you got yourself arrayed
In Lyman's clothes and turned from maid
To urchin.

TO MABEL

And when we all laughed at you so,
You eyed outside the falling snow,
And thought your rig quite fit to go
To church in.

Play on, play on, dear little lass !
Play on till sixteen summers pass,
And then I 'll bring a looking-glass,
And there be-
Fore you on your lips I 'll show
The curves of small Dan Cupid's bow,
And then the crop that now is "tow"
Shall "fair" be.

And then I 'll show you, too, the charms
Of small firm hands and rounded arms,
And eyes whose flashes send alarms
Right through you;
And then a half-regretful sigh
May break from me to think that I,
At forty years, can never try,
To woo you.

What shall I wish you? Free from ruth
To live and learn in love and truth,

TO MABEL

Through childhood's day and days of youth,
 And school's day.
For all the days that intervene
'Twixt Mab at three and at nineteen,
Are but one sombre or serene
 All Fools' Day.

IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

WHAT? You here! Why, old man, I never
Felt more surprise or more delight;
Who would have dreamt that you would ever
Parade around in robes of white?
I always thought of you as dodging
The coals and firebrands somewhere else;
And here you are, with board and lodging,
Where not so much as butter melts.

Well, well, old man, if you can stand it
Up here, I'll never make a fuss;
I had forebodings that they'd planned it
A little stiff for men like us.
The boys were much cut up about you,
You got away so very quick;
And, as for me, to do without you
Just absolutely made me sick.

I wish you could have seen us plant you;
Why, every man squeezed out a tear,
And—just imagine us, now, can't you?—
The gang, and yours the only bier!

IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

Fred hammered out some bully verses;

We had them printed in the sheet,
With lines funereal as hearses
Around them—didn't it look sweet !

Halloo ! is that Sir Walter Raleigh?—

I wish you 'd point the people out;
I want to look at Tom Macaulay;
Is Makepeace anywhere about?
Where 's Socrates? Where 's Sydney Carton?—
Oh, I forgot he was a myth;
If there 's a thing I 've set my heart on
It is to play with Sydney Smith.

What? Glad I came? I am for certain;

The other 's a malarious hole.
I always pined to draw the curtain,
And somehow knew I had a soul.
The flesh—oh, wasn't it a fetter !
You 'd get so tired of all your schemes;
But here, I think, I 'll like it better.
Oh dear, how natural it seems !

A SECOND THOUGHT

THIS world's the worst I ever saw;
I'd like to make it better;
I'm going to promulgate the law,
And hold men to its letter.
Be respectable and stand
Esteemed of Mrs. Grundy;
Attend to business week-days and
Read moral books on Sunday.

On Sabbath-keepers, every one,
Approvingly I smile, and
Frown on those who spend their Sun-
Days down at Coney Island.
Don't play cards, young man; gobang
Affords amusement ample.
Speak carefully, eschewing slang,
And set a good example.

The theatres, how bad they be!
The players, oh, how vicious!
The waltz I shudder when I see,
And think it most pernicious.

A SECOND THOUGHT

Shun the wine cup; don't be led
To drink by scoff or banter;
In the cup lurk pains of head,
And snakes in the decanter.

.

Ah, me! I wonder if I 'm right!

I say, "It 's wrong to do so!"

As though, without a soul in sight,

I ruled alone, like Crusoe.

Is it that I am partly wrong,

And partly right, my neighbor,

And that we get, who toil so long,

Half-truths for all our labor?

A PRACTICAL QUESTION

DARKLY the humorist
Muses on fate;
Ghastly experiment
Life seems to him,
Subject for merriment
Sombre and grim;
Is it his doom or is 't
Something he ate?

ET TU, BERGHE!

AND art thou, Bergh, so firmly set
Against domestic strife,
As to correct with stripes the man
Who disciplines his wife?

Such action doth not of thy creed
Appear the normal fruit;
Thou shouldst befriend a being who
Behaves so like a brute!

INSOMNIA

COME, vagrant sleep, and close the lid
Upon the casket of my thought;
Come, truant, come when thou art bid,
And let thyself be caught.

For lonely is the night, and still;
And save my own no breath I hear,
No other mind, no other will,
Nor heart nor hand is near.

Thy waywardness what prayer can move!
Canst thou by any lure be brought?
Or art thou then like woman's love
That only comes unsought?

Up! Where's my dressing-gown? My pipe is here
Slumber be hanged! Now for a book and beer.

CIVIL SERVICE

ON Pennsylvania Avenue
He stood and waited for a car;
He turned to catch a parting view
Of where the Public Buildings are;
He looked at them with thoughtful eye;
He took his hat from off his head;
He heaved a half-regretful sigh,
And thus he said:

“My relative, I do the bidding
Of Fate, and say to thee good-by.
I think thee fortunate at ridding
Thyself of such a clerk as I.
Thy sure support, though somewhat meagre,
Hath much about it to commend;
Nor am I now so passing eager
To leave so provident a friend.

“Light was thy yoke could I have borne it
With tranquil mind and step sedate;
Why did my feeble shoulders scorn it
And seem to crave a heavier weight?
Extremely blest is his condition
Whose needs thy bounteous hands supply,

CIVIL SERVICE

If he but fling away ambition
And let the world go rushing by.

“Indocilis pauperiem pati,

I must get out of this damp spot.
Away! away! Whatever fate I
May have in store, I fear it not.
Away from all my soul despises,
From paltry aims, from sordid cares;
Fame, honor, love, time's richest prizes,
Lie waiting for the man who dares.

“The man who calls no man his master,

Nor bows his head to tinsel gods;
Who faces debt, disease, disaster,
And never murmurs at the odds;
Although his life from its beginning
Marks only fall succeeding fall,
Let him fight on and trust to winning
In death the richest prize of all.”

He jammed his hat down on his head;
He turned from where the Buildings are;
Precipitately thence he fled,
And caught a passing car.

ALL OR NOTHING

HAPPY the man whose far remove
From business and the giddy throng
Fits him in the paternal groove
Unquestioning to glide along.
Apart from struggle and from strife,
Content to live by labor's fruits,
And wander down the vale of life
In gingham shirt and cowhide boots.

He too is blessed who, from within,
By strong and lasting impulse stirred,
Faces the turmoil and the din
Of rushing life; whom hope deferred
But more incites; who ever strives,
And wants, and works, and waits, until
The multitude of other lives
Pay glorious tribute to his will.

But he who, greedy of renown,
Is too tenacious of his ease,
Alas for him! Nor busy town
Nor country with his mood agrees;

ALL OR NOTHING

Eager to reap, but loath to sow,
He longs *monstrari digito*,
And looking on with envious eyes
Lives restless and obscurely dies.

A PHILADELPHIA CLAVERHOUSE

TO the fathers in council 'twas Witherspoon spoke:
“Our best beloved dogmas we cannot revoke;
God’s infinite mercy let others record,
And teach men to trust in their crucified Lord;
The old superstitions let others dispel,
I feel it my duty to go in for Hell!

“Perdition is needful; beyond any doubt
Hell fire is a thing that we can’t do without.
The bottomless pit is our very best claim;
To leave it unworked were a sin and a shame;
We *must* keep it up, if we like it or not,
And make it eternal and make it red-hot.

“To others the doctrine of love may be dear—
I own I confide in the doctrine of fear;
There’s nothing, I think, so effective to make
Our weak fellow mortals their errors forsake,
As to tell them abruptly, with unchanging front,
‘You ’ll be damned if you do! You ’ll be damned if you
don’t!’

A PHILADELPHIA CLAVERHOUSE

“Saltpetre and pitchforks, with brimstone and coals,
Are arguments suited to rescue men’s souls.
A new generation forthwith must arise
With Beelzebub pictured before their young eyes;
They ’ll be brave, they ’ll be true, they ’ll be gentle and
kind,
Because they ’ll have Satan forever in mind.”

THROWING STONES

“**I** LOVE my child,” the actress wrote;
“My duty is to guide
The child I bore; and in my arms
The child I love shall hide—
Shall hide from missiles cast at me,
Because I have so odd
A conscience that I choose to rear
The child I took from God.”

There is a sin from which us all
May gracious Heaven guard,
That is its own worst punishment,
Itself its sole reward.
And of it social law has said
To man: “If sin you must,
Go, then, and come again, but leave
The woman in the dust!”

Ah! who can know, save Him Allwise
Who watches from above,
The awful hazard women dare
To run for men they love;

THROWING STONES

Or tell how many a craven heart,
To shield his own bad name,
Has caused a woman's trustful love
To bring her lasting shame?

To her who, when the dream has passed
Finds herself left alone,
And in her crushed, repentant heart,
A yearning to atone,
Heaven, more pitiful than man
Who erst upon her smiled,
By love to win her to itself
May send a little child.

Then, if the lonely mother's heart
Accepts the gracious gift;
And if the charge she dared to take
She does not dare to shift;
Shall we, untempted and untried,
To ease and virtue born,
Visit upon her shrinking head
Our unrelenting scorn?

We, who have all our lives been taught
Truths other men have learned,

THROWING STONES

And walked by what celestial light
In other bosoms burned;
We, whose sublimest duty is
To do as we are bid;
How shall we judge a soul from which
The face of God is hid?

Know you the loneliness of heart
That courts release from death?
That makes it burdensome to draw
Each slow, successive breath?
That longs for human sympathy,
Until, when hope is lost,
A respite from its agony
It buys at any cost?

Of erring human nature, we
Are born, each with his share;
We all are vain; we all are weak,
And quick to fly from care.
And if we keep our footing,
Or seem to rise at all,
'Twere well for us with charity
To look on those who fall.

THROWING STONES

And if our hands are strengthened,
And if our lips can speak,
'Twere well if with them we might help
Our brothers who are weak;
And well if we remember
God's love is never grudged,
And never sit in judgment,
If we would not be judged.

TOUCHING BOTTOM

I THINK that I have somewhere read
About a man whose foolish head,
By mischievous intention led,
A sprite
Had with an ass's visage decked,
That all who met him might detect
His intellectual defect
At sight.

The trite remark of man and book
That many men are men in look,
But donkeys really, thus the spook
Reversed;
The victim of the imp's design
Had such a head as yours or mine,
Although his did seem asinine
At first.

But Love—I think the story ran—
Was proof against the fairy's plan,
Discerning through the mask the man,
Perhaps;

TOUCHING BOTTOM

Or, is it true that women try,
But very faintly, to descry
Long ears on heads that occupy
Their laps !

I know a youth whose fancy gropes
For headgear finer than the Pope's,
So him his bright and treacherous hopes
Delude;
But, in the mirror of his fears,
When this too sanguine person peers,
Alas ! behold the jackass ears
Protrude !

Titania, mine, if I could find
You always to my follies blind,
So great content would rule my mind
Within,
That even though myself aware
Of pointed ears adorned with hair,
I do not think that I would care
A pin.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

IT was my happy lot to meet
Upon a late occasion,
While seeking of the summer's heat
Agreeable evasion,
By visiting at a resort
Of fashion—where, no matter—
A maid whom there was none to court,
And very few to flatter.

Her head had not the graceful poise
Of Aphrodite's statue;
Her hair reminded you of boys;
Her nose was pointed at you.
A Derby hat, the self-same sort
The fashionable male owes
Money for, she used to sport
As angels do their halos.

She seldom walked in silk attire,
But commonly in flannel:
Not yet in oils did she aspire
To figure on a panel;

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

Because she could not help but see
She was not tall nor slender;
Nor did she deem her curves to be
Superlatively tender.

Some prudish dames did her abuse
With censure fierce and scathing;
Because she, happening to lose
Her stocking while in bathing,
Deemed such a loss of little note,
And simply tied the plaguèd
Stocking 'round her little throat
And reappeared barelegged.

I do not think that for the pelf
Of eligible boobies,
Or for the chance to deck herself
With diamonds and rubies,
Or for her standing in the books
Of prim and proper ladies,
Or for their disapproving looks,
She cared a hoot from Hades.

Though competent to hold her tongue,
When circumstance demanded

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

Speech, she was, for one so young,
Astonishingly candid.
She sang the vulgarest of songs,
Which sung by her were funny,
And never brooded o'er her wrongs—
Nor hoarded up her money.

'Tis true this careless damsel's fame
At last grew somewhat shady;
But if the man disposed to name
Her fast, or not a lady,
Will in the present writer's way
Considerately toddle,
This writer thinks that person may
Get punched upon his noddle.

LOCHINVAR EX-COLORADO

O H, the cow-puncher Budge has come in from the
West;

In all Colorado his ranch is the best;
And, barring a toothbrush, he baggage had none,
For he came in some haste, and he came not for fun;
Nor vigils nor gold to his quest doth he grudge—
On an errand of love comes the cow-puncher Budge.

A telegram reached him; he called for a horse.
He rode ninety miles as a matter of course;
The last twenty-seven he galloped, and then
Just caught the Atlantic Express at Cheyenne.
He stayed not to eat nor to drink, for he knew
He could pick up a meal on the C. B. & Q.

He got to Chicago the second day out,
But right through Chicago he kept on his route,
Nor stayed to buy linen, not even a shirt;
He liked flannel best and he didn't mind dirt.
With trousers tucked into his boots, said he "Fudge!—
Small odds—if I get there," said bold Robert Budge.

.

LOCHINVAR EX-COLORADO

From Worth, the Parisian of awful repute,
Had come divers gowns to Angelica Bute,
And parcels from Tiffany daily were stowed
Away in strong rooms of her father's abode;
But she languished, nor heeded she hint, cough or nudge;
She was bound to Fitz James, but she cottoned to Budge.

But hark! 'Tis the door-bell! a symptom of joy
Lights her eye—"Ah! at last!" 'Tis a telegraph boy;
The maid brings a message; she takes it, half-dead
With mingled excitement, hope, eagerness—dread:
*"Mayor's house on Thursday, at nine; let me judge
What next! only meet me there.*

Faithfully,

Budge."

.

On Thursday at nine, to the house of the Mayor
Two persons came singly, but left it a pair,
A man and a bride in a travelling dress,
Went Westward at ten on the Lightning Express.
A wedding at Grace Church, which should have occurred
At twelve, was, for reasons not given, deferred.

The dowagers called it the greatest of shames.
The men said, "It 's rough on that fellow Fitz James";

LOCHINVAR EX-COLORADO

The damsels declared it was awfully nice,
And vowed they could do it and never think twice.
“It’s a chore to get housemaids; you may have to
drudge
At the start; but—I love you,” said cow-puncher Budge.

A MORTIFYING SUBJECT

WHAT is to be, I do not know:
What is, I do esteem
To be so undesirable
And worthless, that I deem
There must be something good in store,
Something to keep in view,
To compensate us living here,
For living as we do.

For life—oh life, it seems a chore!
Its surface is so blurred
By cares and passions that it makes
One long to be interred;
To occupy a tranquil spot
Some seven feet by two,
And just serenely lie and rot,
With nothing else to do.

I think that when there ceased to be
Sufficient tenement
To hold my conscience, then I would
Begin to be content.

MORTIFYING SUBJECT

And if I should be there to see
 My stomach take its leave,
I'd gather up my mouldering shroud
 And chuckle in my sleeve.

I think that when the greedy worm
 Began upon my brains,
I'd wish him luck, and hope he'd get
 His dinner for his pains.
I'd warn him that they would be apt
 With him to disagree,
For if they fed him well 'twere what
 They seldom did for me.

But when I should be certain that
 My scarred and battered heart
Was of my corporality
 Not any more a part,
Though I'd no voice, I'd rattle in
 My throat, with joyous tones;
And with no feelings left, I would
 Feel happy in my bones.

MIXED

WITHIN my earthly temple there 's a crowd.
There one of us that 's humble; one that 's
proud.

There 's one that 's broken-hearted for his sins,
And one who, unrepentant, sits and grins.
There 's one who loves his neighbor as himself,
And one who cares for naught but fame and pelf.
From much corroding care would I be free
If once I could determine which is me.

AND WAS HE RIGHT?

“I ’M going to marry—not you,” she said,
“But a better fellow in your stead.
You ’re not so bad—not bad at all;
I ’d like to keep you within my call,
But not to take you for good and all.
I ’m going to live on yonder street;
Do you live near me,” she said; “so sweet
As I ’ll be to you whenever we meet!
And in my house there ’ll be a seat
Where you can sit and warm your feet,
And your contentment shall be complete—
Come! Isn’t it a divine conceit?”

She said.

Softly his breast a sigh set free:
He said, “Dear Heart, it may not be.
Not for the perfume of the rose
Would I live near to where it grows.
If not for me the bud has blown,
I ’d rather leave the flower alone.
Who by the bush sits down forlorn
Is only fit to feel the thorn,”

He said.

BALLADE OF THE GENERAL TERM

EACH in his high official chair;
One who presides; two plain J. J.
Decent of mien and white of hair
They sit there judging all the day.
The gravity of what they say
Bent brows and sober tones confirm;
Brown, Jones and Robinson are they,
Justices of the General Term.

I see the learned counsel there
Rise up and argue, move and pray;
Attorneys with respectful air
Their perspicacity display.
Serenely joyous if they may
Of justice keep alive the germ;
Motion and argument they weigh,
Those justices of General Term.

That court I haunt, not that I care
For justice in a general way;
Nor yet because I hope to share
With any one a client's pay.

BALLADE OF THE GENERAL TERM

The reason why I there delay
And on the court's hard benches squirm
Is that of Love I am the prey—
Her father's of the General Term.

ENVOY

I look at him with dire dismay—
Scorched by his eye I seem a worm.
“Dismissed with costs,” is what he 'll say—
That Justice of the General Term.

INFIRM

“I WILL not go,” he said, “for well
I know her eyes’ insidious spell,
And how unspeakably he feels
Who takes no pleasure in his meals.
I know a one-idea’d man
Should undergo the social ban,
And if she once my purpose melts
I know I ’ll think of nothing else.

“I care not though her teeth are pearls—
The town is full of nicer girls!
I care not though her lips are red—
It does not do to lose one’s head!
I ’ll give her leisure to discover,
For once, how little I think of her;
And then, how will she feel?” cried he—
And took his hat and went to see.

CRUMBS AND COMFORT

LET no man, irked by tedious fate,
The worth of victuals underrate;
But thankful be if so he may
Environ three square meals a day;
For, barring drink, there's naught so good
Up to its limit's edge, as food.

Up to its limit? Yes, but will
Food satisfy as well as fill?
Hear humankind responsive groan—
“Man cannot live by bread alone!”
Oh, tell me, Sibyl, tell me whether
A man might live on bread—together!

ASHORE

*Man's happiness depends upon the views
He takes of circumstances that he's in.
To some it is a greater joy to lose
Than it, to others, ever is to win.*

SINCE our poor hopes, like vessels tempest-tossed
Are duly wrecked, and all illusion ceases;
Now that the game is up, let 's count the cost
And estimate the value of the pieces.

And first, our heart: It was a flimsy thing
Already when we dared this last adventure;
And if it 's flimsy still—why that should bring
No added liability to censure.

A serviceable organ is it still,
That does our turn in absence of a better;
And very shortly, we believe, it will
As calmly thump as though we 'd never met her.

If tissues are so delicately spun
As not to stand a reasonable racket,
Their anxious owner has as little fun
As Master Thomas in his Sunday jacket.

ASHORE

Give tender hearts to those who like that kind,
And gain in strength with every pang they suffer
We praise that sort, but with relief we find
That ours is tough and yearly growing tougher.

Our head remains the same indifferent pate,
Guiltless alike of learning and of laurels.
We notice, though, with thankfulness, of late
A measure of improvement in our morals.

Our purse was always lean, so it amounts
To little that it yet remains depleted;
Though florists' and confectioners' accounts
Are in, and payment of the same entreated.

We 've lost a heap of time, but being rid
Of time, one always gets along without it.
Could we have spent it better than we did!
Another might; but, for ourself, we doubt it.

And we have learned—nothing. We knew before
The folly and the vanity of wooing:
And if we chose to try it still once more,
'Twas not to win, but simply to be doing.

ASHORE

It was not that we hoped to gain a heart;
That that were vain required no further proving.
It only meant that souls that live apart
Yield sometimes to the human need of loving.

Is this the last? While yet his garments drip
The stranded mariner forgets his pain,
And rescuing the remnants of his ship,
Already plans to make them float again.

BARTER

YES, there 's a hole; you needn't be
At pains to point it out to me:

I know it.

I do not claim the piece is whole,
Or that its yard of width is full:

I merely show it.

Fast color? Do I really think
That being soaked it will not shrink
When dried?

Now that I 've got it off the shelf,
You 'd better test the dyes yourself,
And so decide.

Cotton? I dare surmise it 's full
Of threads that one might wish were wool
If wishing did it.

Look sharp; but if through being blind
Some flaw or fault you fail to find,
Don't say I hid it.

BARTER

The price is high? You think it so?
Well, this is not, I'd have you know,

A bankrupt sale.

These wares of mine if you despise,
Some other dealer's merchandise
May find more favor in your eyes;
To hold mine over for a rise

I shall not fail.

BEGGARS' HORSES

I WISH that altitude of tone,
The waistband's due expansion,
The faculty to hold one's own
In this and t' other mansion;
And shirts and shoes and moral force,
Topcoats and overgaiters,
Were things that always came of course
To philosophic waiters.

I wish that not by twos and threes,
In squads and plural numbers,
Young women would destroy one's ease
Of mind and rout one's slumbers;
But that if by a poor heart's squirms
Their pleasures know accession,
They 'd hold it for successive terms
In several possession.

I wish I had been changed at birth,
And in my place maturing
Some infant of surpassing worth,
Industrious past curing,

BEGGARS' HORSES

Had grown up subject to my share
In Father Adam's blunder,
And left me free to pile up care
For him to stagger under.

I wish that some things could be had
Without foregoing others;
That all the joys that are not bad
Were not weighed down with bothers.
We can but wonder as we test
The scheme of compensations,
Is happiness with drawbacks best,
Or grief with consolations.

TO-DAY

SEE that what burdens Heaven may lay
Upon your shrinking neck to-day,
To-day you bear;
Nor seek to shun their weary weight,
Nor, bowed with dread, anticipate
To-morrow's care.

Not with too great a load shall Fate,
That knows the end, your shoulders freight
Or heart oppress;
If but to-day's appointed work
You grapple with, nor wish to shirk
Its due distress.

The coward heart that turns away
From present tasks, with justice may
Forebodings fill.
Fools try to quaff to-morrow's wine;
As though to-morrow's sun could shine
Unrisen still.

OF MISTRESS MARTHA: HER EYES

TRANSFIXED and spitted in my heart
By Mistress Martha's eyes, their dart,
Which has within me raised a great
Commotion and uneasy state.

Or are they black or are they blue
I know not any more than you,
Nor could I for a wager say
If they be hazel, brown or gray.

But when it comes to diagnosis
Of what the outcome of their use is
Full, comprehensive and exact
Is my conception of the fact.

When first their witchery has begun
You might be saved if you would run:
But who would look for cause for fear
In depths so limpid, calm and clear?
Too soon, poor fool, you find you've stayed
Till it's too late to be afraid.

OF MISTRESS MARTHA : HER EYES

Alas for him who thus misreckons,
For friendly lights mistaking beacons.
Better it were if he had found
Clarence, his fate, in Malmsey drowned,
Than Mistress, in thine eyes to sink,
Nor make a tear o'erflow its brink.

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL

ONE-AND-TWENTY, one-and-twenty,
Youth and beauty, lovers plenty;
Health and riches, ease and leisure,
Work to give a zest to pleasure;
What can a maid so lucky lack?
What can I wish that Fate holds back?

Youth will fade and beauty wanes;
Lovers, flouted, break their chains.
Health may fail and wealth may fly you,
Pleasures cease to satisfy you;
Almost everything that brings
Happiness is born with wings.

This I wish you—this is best:
Love that can endure the test;
Love surviving youth and beauty,
Love that blends with homely duty,
Love that 's gentle, love that 's true,
Love that 's constant wish I you.

Still unsatisfied she lives
Who for gold mere silver gives.

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL

One more joy I wish you yet,
To give as much love as you get.
Grant you, heaven, this to do,
To love him best who best loves you.

AUTUMN

I HAVE sundry queer sensations
When the year gets round to Autumn.
What they are, and how I caught 'em
Is obscure, but they are there—
Certain gay exhilarations
Half-and-half, as Bass with Guinness,
With a sad what-might-have-been-ness
In the brisk September air.

Back come hopes and young ambitions
With the golden-rod and sumach,
But impregnated with true Mach-
Iavellian despair.

Taking note of changed conditions;
Weighing powers with limitations!
Facts with futile aspirations
Born of bracing autumn air.

Now I see myself grown famous,
Bold of voice and free of gesture,
Grave, superb, of stunning vesture,
Flood with eloquence the court.

A U T U M N

Soon ascends my *Gaudeamus*
As I realize there aren't
Any facts that seem to warrant
Premonitions of that sort.

Welcome each hallucination:
Welcome, none the less, discerning
Common sense in time returning
To obliterate the spell.
As a means of elevation—
As a sort of moral derrick,
This autumnal, atmospheric
Spirit-hoister bears the bell.

REMOUSE

MY spirit sits in ashes, heaping dust upon its head;
I've said a silly thing, and now it cannot be
unsaid.

What boots it that to only two the wretched truth is
known,

If of the conscious pair who know it I myself am one?

I have my doubts—more doubts the more I think of what
I said—

If, really, half a loaf is so much better than no bread;
For if a person is an ass, and duly bound to show it,
Cold comfort 'tis that he should have just sense enough
to know it.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

THEY say that folks who perch upon the brink
Of cañon deep or awful precipice
A morbid impulse feel as back they shrink,
To jump the edge off into the abyss;
And now and then some feather-head will dash
Over the cliff to fundamental smash.
So often with a man when he has won
The passing favor of a maid demure,
Not satisfied with having well begun,
And over-eager to make all secure,
Blind to his fate and heedless of his stops,
With mad, spasmodic previousness, he pops.
Poor, dizzy fool; instead of winning more
He only loses what he had before.

RETIREMENT

NAY, do not ask why I who late
First in the giddy throng disported,
Now choose the solitary state
And live alone unmissed, uncourted.
Is it so strange that sometimes man
His own poor company should cherish?
Must I go on as I began
And dance, whoever pipes, or perish?

It may be that some stocks I had
At lower figures now are quoted.
It may be that my liver 's bad;
It may be that my tongue is coated.
It may be that malarial pains
Are of the ills my flesh inherits—
That fever rages in my veins
And chills disintegrate my spirits.

It may be that my friends are dead;
It may be that my foes are not;
Colds may have settled in my head,
My coppers may be always hot.

RETIREMENT

It may be that I feel above
My peers, and think myself a swell;
It may be that I'm crossed in love;
It may be that I will not tell.

I own I find a mean relief,
Confining to myself my dealings;
A cheap community of grief
Between me and my battered feelings,
I shun the haunts of happier men;
Their mirth my misery increases;
My little bark is wrecked again
And I am busy with the pieces.

SELF-SACRIFICE

SHE said, "I admire and approve you,
My intellect's voice is for you;
But when you entreat me to love you,
I own I'm at loss what to do.
How I wish that on one or the other
My heart and my head might agree;
I esteem you so much! but—Oh, bother!
My heart's choice is Barney McGee."

Which the reason is why dissipation
Has ravaged the bloom from my cheek,
And nothing but liquid damnation
Has slipped past my lips for a week.
Since, I hope, as depravity marks me,
To make him by contrast so shine
That all her approval may his be,
And her love irretrievably mine.

WHAT HE WANTS IN HIS

I DO not ask thee, Fate, to bake
For me so very large a cake;
Choose thou the size—but I entreat
That though but small, it shall be sweet.
Let those who like it have it, I
Feel no desire for sawdust pie.

I have no wail for all the years
I 've lived on crusts washed down with tears.
If I must drain the bitter cup
As heretofore, why—fill it up.
But when my cake, if ever, comes,
Vouchsafe it to me full of plums !

BE KIND TO THYSELF

COMES the message from above—
“As thyself, thy neighbor, love.”

With myself so vexed I grow—
Of my weakness weary so,
Easier may I tolerate
My neighbor than myself not hate.

*Take not part of thee for whole,
Thou art neighbor to thy soul.
The ray from heaven that gilds the clod
Love thou, for it comes from God.
Bear thou with thy human clay
Lest thou miss the heaven-sent ray.*

LOST LIGHT

I CANNOT make her smile come back
That sunshine of her face
That used to make this worn earth seem
At times, so gay a place.
The same dear eyes look out at me;
The features are the same;
But, oh, the smile is out of them,
And I must be to blame!

Sometimes I see it still. I went
With her the other day
To meet a long-missed friend, and while
We still were on the way,
Her confidence in waiting love
Brought back for me to see
The old-time love-light to her eyes
That will not shine for me.

They tell me money waits for me,
And reputation, too.
I like those gewgaws quite as well
As other people do,

LOST LIGHT

But I care not for what I have,
Nor lust for what I lack
One tithe as much as my heart longs
To call that lost light back.

Come back, dear banished smile, come back,
And into exile drive
All thoughts, and aims, and jealous hopes,
That in thy stead would thrive.
Who wants the earth without its sun,
And what has life for me
That 's worth a thought, if, as its price,
It leaves me stript of thee?

DATED "FEBRUARY THE 14TH"

*B*LEST be St. Valentine, his day,
That gives a man a chance to say
What shall his state of mind disclose,
As much as though he should propose.

DEAR MAID: I'd offer you this minute
My hand, but lo! there's nothing in it.
Enmeshed my heart by your dear lures is,
But I'm forbid to ask where yours is.

And why? Why, dear, at twenty-three
A man is what he's going to be;
Futures are actual in one's head,
But isness is what women wed.
Clients nor patients, nor their fees,
Your slave at three-and-twenty sees,
And girls with nineteen-year-old blushes
Are birds he *must* leave in the bushes.

Yet somehow feelings don't agree
With circumstances: Look at me
With naught in hand and all to get,

D A T E D “ F E B R U A R Y T H E 1 4 T H ”

Rapping at Fortune's gate—and yet
In spite of all I know, and see,
And listen to, I could not be
More hopelessly in love with you
If I were rich and sixty-two.

That 's all: It 's nothing that you 'll find
Important, but it 's off my mind.
If one must boil and keep it hid
The long year through, to blow the lid
Off *once* helps *some*, and one may gain
Patience therefrom to stand the pain
Until the calendar's advance
Gives suffering hearts another chance.

LOOKING ON

THE *dolce far niente* is a delightful game

If only he can spare the time who plays it.

If one is three-and-twenty and doesn't covet fame,

And cares less what he says than how he says it—

If one deliberately can (and never think it loss)

Earn women's smiles in hours in which he might be earning dross—

If one can be content to sit and watch, year after year,

The world's great ships go sailing by, and never want to steer—

If one is not aware that standing still means slipping back,

Or if one's not averse to retrograding on one's track—

The *dolce far niente* is a delightful game

For people who have lives to spare to play it.

REVULSION

THE very bones of me rebel;
I cannot be resigned;
I am so all-too-tired-to-tell,
Of being so refined.
My instincts are too nasty nice,
I 'd rather be more brute,
And not so easy to disgust,
And difficult to suit.

My fun is all a razor-edge
And needle-point affair,
That has no substance back of it.
My very woes are spare,
And decorous, and qualified.
A robust grief to me,
With groans, and tears, and takings on,
Would be a luxury.

I vow I 'm going to learn to chew,
And navy-plug, what 's more;
I 'm going to wear a gingham shirt,
And spit right on the floor.

REVULSION

Cravats and collars I 'll abjure,
A slouch shall be my hat,
My diet pork, with cabbage (boiled),
And beer—bock-beer at that !

I 'll learn to drive a speedy nag,
And laugh a boisterous laugh;
To down men bluntly in dispute,
Or shut them up with chaff.
I 'd go to Congress if I could,
And since I can't go there,
I 'd gladly be an alderman
Or even run for mayor.

I cannot stand it any more,
My culture 's not the stuff;
For though it 's pretty to be nice,
It 's wholesome to be tough.
Perhaps when I 've grown coarser-grained
I 'll have less cause to sigh,
At finding that my fellows have
So much more fun than I.

FOLGER

HE died in harness, like the brave
Old warrior he was, who dared
To lead a hopeless charge, nor spared
His strength, nor sought himself to save.

His learning freights the lawyer's shelf;
Praise him who played so high a part !
But honor more the loyal heart
That calmly sacrificed itself.

It is not ours to choose what prize
Our manhood's hopes shall satisfy;
That we must leave to destiny,
And work out that which in us lies;

Content, if justly may be carved
Upon the slab our dust that guards,
Not a mere list of earth's rewards,
But nobler tribute, this: "He served."

GRANT

NO faultless man was he whose work is done.

It is not giv'n men to be wholly wise:
Still shall our deeds be sometimes ill-advised,
While in our veins still human blood shall run.
But sundered States, now one again, attest
That what he gave his country was his best.

'Spoiled of his fortune, rifled of his ease,
Above all ills his stubborn spirit rose.
Declining proffered affluence, he chose—
Though wrung with pain and weakened by disease—
That his own shoulders should support the weight
Of woe laid on them by ungentle fate.

The silent soldier; not with fulsome gaud
May we oppress the chaplet that he wears.
Freed from his pain, nor hears he now nor cares
If men his fame disparage or applaud.
Of his renown be this the mighty meed—
He served his country in his country's need.

POEMS AND VERSES

THE SEA IS HIS

ALMIGHTY wisdom made the land
Subject to man's disturbing hand,
And left it all for him to fill
With marks of his ambitious will,
But differently devised the sea
Unto an unlike destiny.

Urgent and masterful ashore,
Man dreams and plans,
And more and more,
As ages slip away, Earth shows
How need by satisfaction grows,
And more and more its patient face
Mirrors the driving human race.

But he who ploughs the abiding deep
No furrow leaves, nor stays to reap.
Unmarred and unadorned, the sea
Rolls on as irresistibly
As when, at first, the shaping thought
Of God its separation wrought.

THE SEA IS HIS

Down to its edge the lands-folk flock,
And in its salt embraces mock
Sirius, his whims. Forever cool,
Its depths defy the day-star's rule:
Serene it basks while children's hands
Its margin score and pit its sands.

And ever in it life abides,
And motion. To and fro its tides,
Borne down with waters, ever fare.
However listless hangs the air,
Still, like a dreamer, all at rest,
Rises and falls the ocean's breast.

Benign, or roused by savage gales;
Fog veiled, or flecked with gleaming sails;
A monster ravening for its prey,
Anon, the nations' fair highway—
In all its moods, in all its might,
'Tis the same sea that first saw light.

The sea the Tyrians dared explore;
The sea Odysseus wandered o'er;
The sea the cruising Northmen harried,
That Carthage wooed, and Venice married;

THE SEA IS HIS

Across whose wastes, by faith led on,
Columbus tracked the westering sun.

Great nurse of freedom, breeding men
Who dare, and baffled, strive again!
A rampart round them in their youth,
A refuge in their straits and ruth,
And in their seasoned strength, a road
To carry liberty abroad!

When all about thy billows lie,
Sole answer to the questioning eye,
To where the firmament its bound
Stretches their heaving masses round,
With that above, and only thee,
Fixed in thine instability—

Then timely to the soul of man
Come musings on the eternal plan
Which man himself was made to fit,
And Earth and waters under it;
Wherewith in harmony they move,
And only they, whose guide is love.

Who made the plan and made the sea
Denied not man a destiny

THE SEA IS HIS

To match his thought. Though mists obscure
And storms retard, the event is sure.
Each surging wave cries evermore
“Death, also, has its farther shore !”

WORK

THE Inscrutable who set this orb awhirl
And peopled it with men and mysteries,
With height and vale diversified its face,
Left beast to prey on beast and fish on fish,
Geared life to death, conditioned each on each,
Sore price of growth, but indispensable.
To poverty He gave its warning sting,
And poisoned luxury with seeds of sloth.
Gave power to strength that effort might attain:
Gave power to wit that knowledge might direct;
And so with penalties, incentives, gains,
Limits and compensations intricate,
He dowered this earth, that man should never rest
Save as his Maker's will be carried out.

On toward his destiny the creature drives,
Tumultuous, incessant, mutinous,
Usurping now his weaker fellow's share,
Yielding again his own to stronger might,
Aye seeking such a place or such a hoard
That he and his the common lot may cheat,
And live unvexed by fate.

WORK

Vain wish ! fond dream
That ever fades on eve of coming true !
There is no easy, unearned joy on earth
Save what God gives;—the lustiness of youth,
And love's dear pangs. All other joys we gain
By striving, and so qualified we are
That effort's zest our needs as much consoles
As effort's gain. Both issues are our due.
Sore lot it is to sweat and not be filled,
But sore as well aye to be filled, nor sweat.
Ever to plough and see another reap—
Oh, that is hard; but ease that stretches far
Beyond the space that labor's waste repairs,
Speeds to decay. Death lies hid in that,
And seeds of every sin that rots the strength
And stains the soul. Better when work is past
Back into dust dissolve and help a seed
Climb upward, than with strength still full
Deny to God his claim and thwart his wish.

Fond fools with gold in store whose end they
miss,
Glutted with unused opportunity,
Behold, drift idle on inglorious tides,
Nor ever trim a sail nor make a port;

WORK

Playing that life is play, until at last
They sink at anchor.

Sorrier still the wights
Whom poverty's distresses vainly goad,
Whose wants too grasping for their shiftless powers
Drive not to work but from it. This too hard
They deem, and that too slow, and ever seeking ease
And shunning toil, nor gold nor strength they win,
But weak, inapt, unskilled, incapable,
Their bitter cry assails the tranquil stars
While labor's trampling hosts surge over them.

To our dim sense God's plan seems often harsh.
Big fish eats small; earthquakes and storms destroy;
Greed strips the poor; guile plunders righteousness.
But watch! see empires fall; see greed o'erreach
Its lust! see power in fear of rival power
Raise up its subject strength, clothe hands with skill,
Teach minds to think; were strength not powerful
Whose need would nourish thew and burnish thought?
Could not the leader and the learner claim
Their effort's guerdon, on a stagnant earth
Successive races round and round might move,
But never forward. Wounds and wants and fears,
The seething urgency of discontent,

W O R K

And groans and tears, grim tokens in themselves,
May help mankind fulfil its destiny.

Oh, Prodigal of means and men and time,
But in decree and aim immutable,
Our doom, black sometimes when we shrink from it
Shines glorious when we face it sturdily,
And see the shaping and compelling hand
That leads who will be led and drives the rest!

WORTH WHILE

I PRAY Thee, Lord, that when it comes to me
To say if I will follow Truth and Thee,
Or choose instead to win as better worth
My pains, some cloying recompense of earth—

Grant me, great Father, from a hard-fought field
Forespent and bruised, upon a battered shield,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn.

Far better fall with face turned toward the goal
At one with wisdom and my own worn soul,
Than ever come to see myself prevail,
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith be content—
Save me from that! Direct Thou the event
As suits Thy will: where'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow.

EGOTISM

WITHOUT him still this whirling earth
Might spin its course around the sun,
And death still dog the heels of birth,
And life be lived, and duty done.

Without him let the rapt earth dree
What doom its twin rotations earn;
Whither or whence, are naught to me,
Save as his being they concern.

Comets may crash, or inner fire
Burn out and leave an arid crust,
Or earth may lose Cohesion's tire,
And melt to planetary dust.

It's naught to me if he's not here.
I'll not lament, nor even sigh;
I shall not feel the jar, nor fear,
For I am he, and he is I.

BROTHERHOOD

THAT plenty but reproaches me
Which leaves my brother bare.
Not wholly glad my heart can be
While his is bowed with care.
If I go free, and sound and stout
While his poor fetters clank,
Unsated still, I'll still cry out,
And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty: Thou who Father be
Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
That whichsoever fall,
The other's hand may fail him not,-
The other's strength decline
No task of succor that his lot
May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed. I would be clad.
I would be housed and dry.
But if so be my heart is sad,—
What benefit have I?

BROTHERHOOD

Best he whose shoulders best endure
The load that brings relief,
And best shall he his joy secure
Who shares that joy with grief.

WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL

Ob., 1896

[From a poem read at the dinner of the Harvard Class of 1877
Boston, June 29, 1897.]

HARD hit? Ah, yes! denial's vain—
Far from our thoughts and wishes too.
Stripped of our best, we meet again
To share a cup that's tinged with rue.
Dear man, how proud he made us all!
Our honest statesman, patriot, mate,
Whose very rivals lived to call
His death a mischief to the State!

With shining eyes we watched his course
Impetuous to an early goal;
A man of an inspiring force,
Whose pockets could not hold his soul!
Who strove without surcease or fear,
Nor from his task withdrew his hand,
Until the fame of his career
Edged the far corners of the land.

His head was clear, his heart was good,
His speech was plain, without pretence;

WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL

Men trusted him as one who stood
For honesty and common-sense.
Ah ! not unshared is our distress,
Nor here alone is missed his face;
A million freemen, leaderless,
Still wonder who shall take his place.

LINES INSCRIBED ON A
HOSPITAL CLOCK*

SING, little hours, of Edith, as you pass,
Who had too few of you, but those she had
Spent like a Queen of Time.
Sing of her as you chime!
How, as she spent you, generous and glad,
To help the suffering and cheer the sad,
Time turned his glass.

* E. B. W., *ob.*, 1907.

A GIRL OF POMPEII

A PUBLIC haunt they found her in:
She lay asleep, a lovely child;
The only thing left undefiled
Where all things else bore taint of sin.

Her supple outlines fixed in clay
The universal law suspend,
And turn Time's chariot back, and blend
A thousand years with yesterday.

A sinless touch, austere yet warm,
Around her girlish figure pressed,
Caught the sweet imprint of her breast,
And held her, surely clasped, from harm.

Truer than work of sculptor's art
Comes this dear maid of long ago,
Sheltered from woful chance, to show
A spirit's lovely counterpart,

And bid mistrustful men be sure,
That form shall fate of flesh escape,
And, quit of earth's corruptions, shape
Itself, imperishably pure.

GIFTS

THE imperial Child to whom the wise men brought
Their gifts, and worshipped in His lowly nest,
Gave no gift back. It was Himself they sought,
And, finding Him, were sated in their quest.
Their gifts, not expectation, but their joy expressed.
Now was the world's long yearning satisfied !
Now was the prize long waited for possessed !
Their gifts meant love, unmarred by lust or pride.
Be it so with ours: our aim, not debts to pay,
Nor any recompense save love to win,
Nor any grosser feeling to convey
Than brought the wise men's gifts to Bethlehem's
inn.
Those rate we best that no return afford
Save the pure sense of having found our Lord.

CHRISTMAS, 1898

THOUGH doubters doubt and scoffers scoff,
And peace on earth seems still far off;
Though learned doctors think they know
The gospel stories are not so;
Though greedy man is greedy still
And competition chokes good-will,
While rich men sigh and poor men fret,
Dear me! we can't spare Christmas yet!
Time may do better—maybe not;
Meanwhile let's keep the day we've got!

On Bethlehem's birth and Bethlehem's star
Whate'er our speculations are,
Where'er for us may run the line
Where human merges with divine,
We're dull indeed if we can't see
What Christmas feelings ought to be,
And dull again if we can doubt
It's worth our while to bring them out.
"Glory to God: good-will to men!"
Come! Feel it, show it, give it then!

CHRISTMAS, 1898

Come to us, Christmas, good old day,
Soften us, cheer us, say your say
To hearts which thrift, too eager, keeps
In bonds, while fellow-feeling sleeps.
Good Christmas, whom our children love
We love you, too! Lift us above
Our cares, our fears, our small desires!
Open our hands and stir the fires
Of helpful fellowship within us,
And back to love and kindness win us!

CHRISTMAS, 1900

GOD bless all givers and their gifts,
And all the giftless, too,
And help them by whatever shifts
Their kindly will to do.
When seasons, which our hearts expand,
Our purses fail to fill,
A word, a smile, a clasp of hand
Shall carry our good-will.

Let him who hath his plenty share,
And him who lacks, his lack.
Give, each one, what he may, nor care
What recompense comes back.
If only love his heart shall swell
And kindness guide his hand,
His Christmas he shall keep as well
As any in the land.

Out, greed! Out, guile! Out, jealousy!
Out, envy! Out, despair!
Come, hope! Come, faith! Come, charity!
And ease the pains of care.

CHRISTMAS, 1900

Come, Christmas, with thy message dear
And all thy gentle mirth,
To teach that love shall cast out fear,
And peace shall reign on earth.

NEW YEAR'S, 1900

ONE greeting more to one of noble fame,
Our comrade since our birth; our fathers', too;
Into whose spring-time hopes our grandsires came,
Whose promises to them for us came true.

What struggles and what gains have filled his day!
What peerless triumphs of a mind set free!
What stubborn shrinking, oftentimes, to pay
The woful birth-price of the is-to-be.

Hoary, sublime, deathless yet doomed to die,
No other New Year's dawning his shall be.
Vouchsafe him, Time, such end that men shall cry,
"Grand was thy passing, Nineteenth Century!"

AUGUST

WHEN vagrant clouds drift in the summer sky,
And in the heavy air,
The odors and the fruitful heat supply
Sensation everywhere,
And zephyrs that caress, and sounds that lull,
And colors, fill the senses' measure full,

Blessed is the man whose thoughts from effort cease
While pass such golden hours;
Who saturates his spirit with the peace
That healing Nature pours,
A soothing, charming, vivifying flood,
Through every sense, to prove that life is good.

BY THE EVENING FIRE

IF mothers by their failings were condemned,
Oh, what an orphaned planet this would be !
That 's not its fate. Their loving makes amend
For all the tale of their deficiency.
Though tempers by the long day's cares are tried,
And sharp words sometimes fall, and tears ensue;
Though hasty tongues unseasonably chide,
And little faults look bigger than is true—
Comes evening and anew with strength equips
Love's steady current strenuous to bless.
Smoothed, then, Care's lines by childish finger-tips;
Cured the heart's pangs by babyhood's caress.
Clasped in the mother's arms, close to her breast,
Wrapped in her love, the restful child finds rest.

THE CHRISTMAS LOVER

'TIS love that makes the stars revolve;
 'Tis love that makes the world go round
This Christmas purpose I resolve
 On earth to make love more abound.
 On me, dear maid, thy love bestow,
 And match my full heart's overflow !

Nor gems nor gear to thee I bring;
 Nor gauds nor merchandises rare.
Love's offerings I may not sing,
 But love itself I have to spare
 In boundless store, and all for thee,
 If but thy heart responds to me.

LABUNTUR ANNI

LOST man! Lost man!
People, have you met him?
Idle fellow; loath to delve,
Indisposed to scheme.
Liked too well to shirk his task.
When circumstances let him;
Loved to sit about and loaf,
And strum the strings and dream.

What he dreamt of, Heaven knows!
Love and faith and beauty—
Towers that glittered in the sun—
Vales of sheltered peace.
Gone is he this twenty years;
Baffling all pursuit, he
Loiters—where? While fast on me
The sober years increase.

Lost man! Lost man!
People, have you met him?
Meditative-seeming chap of—
Maybe—twenty-three?

LABUNTUR ANNI

Good riddance, very probably,
And yet I can't forget him.
I wish I had him back to dream
My Christmas dream for me.

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TO CELESTINE IN BRAVE
ARRAY

S HIELDED and hid by such a panoply;
Garbed for defence; feathered to fortify
And add to stature;
Oh, but it seems a far, far cry
From thee to nature!

Bless thy capitulating eyes, whose ray
Out of this fort of raiment finds a way
To prove thee human,
By signals sure, that to my signal say,
This is a woman!

AS SUMMER WANES

I DROPPED a seed in a cold, cold heart
Far back in the early spring;
I 've tried and tried to make it start,
Oh, I 've tried like anything!

The garden flowers that the sun has freed
With bloom are all areek.
Ah, when shall a bud from that little seed
Blush pink in my true love's cheek?

IRRECONCILABLE

MALIGNANTS always, they adjust
Their stings to needs of different days,
As long as censure harmed, they cussed,
When praise is hurtfuller, they praise.

THEY SAY SHE FLIRTS

THEY say she flirts; sore news that she
Should flirt at all and not with me.
Sam Rogers—so the tale expands—
Has gone for good to foreign lands,
And left her free to go and live
In whichsoever State will give
Release from matrimonial gyves
With least display of jarring lives.
The trouble? Oh, some say Sam beat her.
But others claim that what's the matter
Is that he didn't. Some, again,
Hear rumors about "other men,"
And add, explaining all that 's hid—
"She flirts; you know she always did."

Flirt! Well, perhaps she did, and yet
It seems too bad that Sam should let
Such coquetry as hers advance
To such calamitous mischance.
Her smiles on mankind to confer
Comes just as natural to her
As to the sun in shining mood

THEY SAY SHE FLIRTS

To warm the evil and the good.
Are there not flowers that bloom and blush,
Sweet-scented, on a thorny bush,
Whose nature 'tis, not thinking wrong,
To every bee that comes along
To give some honey? But for these
'Twould be short commons for the bees.
And other splendid blooms there are,
Gorgeous to gaze on from afar,
But scentless; ravishing to see,
But without sweets to tempt a bee.
Getting a rose, Sam should have grown
Sharp thorns enough to keep his own,
Leaving the world some usufruct
Of sweetness from his rose unplucked.
Or else, if it were his desire
That everybody should admire,
But none appreciate his prize,
Save by the tribute of their eyes,
'Twere better if he had become
The stalk of a chrysanthemum,
That needs no thorns and safely grows,
Without alluring bee or nose.
Poor Sam! What thorns he had the power
To grow, have pierced his own sweet flower

THEY SAY SHE FLIRTS

Till, of that gracious bloom bereft,
His thorns are all that he has left.

Oh, bootless conquest, to be bold
And win a maid one cannot hold !
Oh, wrack to her, and woe and pain,
To be once won, then lost again !
Oh, sharp aforesaid pang, to see
Her flirt at all, and not with me !
One cure for all, and only one—
To get the whole black snarl undone—
To call Odysseus back once more,
Shoo all the suitors from the door,
And trim the thorns of misplaced score,
And spray the rose with hellebore,
And gag the gossips who 'd deplore,
Or carp at what had gone before !
Ah, those were services that would
Befit a friend, if one but could !
To stand compassioning her plight
Avails no jot to set her right.
Yet far more pleased were I to see
Her flirt no more, than e'en with me.

BLANDINA

BLANDINA'S nice; Blandina's fat;
Joyous, and sane and sound and sweet,
And handsome too, and all else that
In persons of her years is meet.

Behold Blandina !
She 's alive, and testifies
With all the emphasis that lies
In busy hands and dancing eyes
That life 's a prize—
That all the mischief that provokes
Doubt in the matter lies in folks,
And that, provided folks are fit,
Life 's not a failure—not a bit.

Blandina loves a picture-book,
Blandina dearly loves a boy;
She loves her dinner, loves the cook,
Her nurse, her doll, her brother's toy;
And best of all she loves a joke,
And laughs at it.
And laughing at it testifies
With all the emphasis that lies

BLANDINA

In joyous tones and beaming eyes,
That life 's a prize—
That all the mischief that provokes
Doubt in the matter lies in folks,
And that, provided folks are fit,
Life 's not a failure—not a bit.

AN URBAN HARBINGER

IN the sweet country, as the spring's
Advance decks out the scenery,
And limns with hues the colored things
And gives the greens their greenery,
I love to watch when I am there
Each little step of Nature's care;
The wiles with which she goes about
To coax the shivering crocus out,
And, day by day, succeeding troops
Of blooms, to marshal in their groups.

In town, it's different! All's wrought out
With least of her complicity,
By man-power, helped, as I misdoubt,
By steam and electricity.
The bed that yesterday was snow
To-morrow's plants, set all arow;
You press a button and they blow—
Just watch them and you'll see it's so.
I'm told, too, that in open sight
The park men turn them off at night.

AN URBAN HARBINGER

You can't rely on city plants,
Whose habits have been tampered with.
I always look at them askance.

Such culture as they 're pampered with
Might well their little minds upset,
Confuse their dates, make them forget
The calendar, their proper times
As set by use and nursery rhymes—
All, all, except, come sun, come cold,
They 're bound to blossom when they 're told

I trust them not, but when it 's fair

I note in garb delectable
Sophronia driving out for air

With parent most respectable.
And when she leaves her furs at home
I say the season 's ripening some.
Successive hats, new brought from France,
Denote to me the sun's advance,
And, when her parasols appear,
I cry, "Now bless me ! summer 's here."

THE CONTEMPORARY SUITOR

TIME was that Strephon, when he found
 A Chloe to his mind,
Sought not how Dun reported her,
Nor lagged while Time distorted her,
But rushed right in and courted her,
 As Nature had designed.

It's different now; my Lucy, there,
 How gladly would I woo!
But shapes of such monstrosity
Confront with such ferocity
My impecuniosity,
 What is a man to do?

Strephon and Chloe had a hut,
 And though, about the door,
The wolf might raise his serenade,
No latter-day menagerie bayed
Its warning, grim, to man and maid:
 "Wed not if ye are poor!"

"My goats," might Strephon say, "will yield
 Us milk, our vineyard wine;

THE CONTEMPORARY SUITOR

By olive groves my cot is hid,
No pressing wants our joy forbid,
And I can always kill a kid
When people come to dine."

But I, what monsters must I face
When I for Lucy sue!
What landlords roaring for their rent!
What troops of duns by grocers sent,
And shapes of want and discontent
Calamitous to view!

Stay, Lucy, stay! I'm bold and stout,
I'll rout the grisly crew.
Be constant, love! and hope and wait,
And by the time you're thirty-eight
I may, perhaps, have conquered Fate,
And when I've won the right to mate,
If you're not *too* much out of date,
I'll surely mate with you!

UNCERTAINTY

NOW that again the nearing sun slants warm each
southern slope on,

Belinda, of a sudden, leaves the noisy town behind,
And slowly fares across the fields (with rubbers, let us
hope, on),

While shadows on her forehead tell of something on
her mind.

What is it in the spring-time drives a maid to meditation?

What brings her out to tramp the fields in chosen
solitude?

Some matter of finance, or faith, or heart, or station?

It must be what would all these four and most things
else include.

Oh, what is man, Belinda dear, that you are mindful of
him?

Caressed of fortune, can it be there's anything you
lack?

Ay, there's the rub! so much to lose—so great a risk to
love him!

And yet, who dares not love may miss what never may
come back!

UNCERTAINTY

Take heed, Belinda! Life is long, with many a snare to
gin him.

Be sure he's straight, as gallants go, and sound and
sane and true;

Be sure he has withal the saving streak of iron in him
To make him deaf when sirens sing, and calm when
notes fall due!

Wise choice to you, Belinda! Man's no easy thing to
measure,

For now and then he justifies the shape he's moulded
in;

And then again he doesn't: still, an able woman's lei-
sure

May find worse use than steering him, and helping
him to win.

ABOUT THE HORSE

WHAT will not men consent to do
For to improve the horse's breed,
And make him comelier to view,
And mend his gait and lift his speed!
Supreme the work! Nor time, nor gold,
Nor skill, nor strategy they stint,
From long before the colt is foaled
Until the veteran's final sprint.

Whatever is there about Horse
That stirs this tireless zeal in man
To make him do a stated course
A little faster than he can?
The locomotive long ago
Upset the claim that he was fast;
On common roads the automo-
Bile has him hopelessly outclassed.

Good animal to ride, to plough,
Or to embellish rural scenes;
But if you really want to go,
He isn't in it with machines.

ABOUT THE HORSE

And yet the brains of men still buzz
 With zeal the horse's breed to bless,
And call it bettered when he does
 His mile in half a second less.

The tracks they build! the crowds they lure!
 The Legislatures they enthrall;
Protesting that their aims are pure,
 And mostly agricultural!
Queer, isn't it? that equine weal
 Should seem so geared to human ruth.
Do men dissemble what they feel?
 They like a horse-race, that 's the truth.

They always did; they always will—
 Some of them, anyhow—and risk
A wager on it, or a spill,
 And reck not, so the pace be brisk.
Best was the good old rural way,
 Afar from cops and pool-rooms, too,
When John and James, each in his sleigh,
 Debated what their nags could do.

THE REVOLT OF THE BONE

MAN being shaped and complete !
Shivered as life through him blew;
Went and got something to eat;
Then didn't know what to do.
Sighed the All-wise "But he's queer !
He'll never manage alone !
Some one must give him a steer !"
Straightway He fashioned the Bone.

Bossed man that Bone from the start.
Teased him and told him and taught;
Learned him the lines of his part;
Trained him to do as he ought.
Till, in his huge self-conceit,
He set up aims of his own;
Fancied his mind was complete;
Learned to disparage the Bone.

Patient, she bore with his brass;
Humored him, pampered, endured
All, till things came to a pass,
When they just had to be cured.

THE REVOLT OF THE BONE

“Won’t do his share of the work!
I’ll add it then to my own!
Power to the drudge from the shirk!
Give me my vote!” said the Bone.

Scary the outlook for man,
Warned and defied by the Bone!
Let him be good while he can!
Woman can go it alone!

SPRING FEVER

I WANT to go to Boston! There's something in the
air—

The breath of spring; some restless germ unnamed; it's
everywhere—

That somehow makes my spirit loathe all tasks and
discipline,

And seasonably stirs it up to bolt the rut it's in.

Oh, clang of gongs on cable-cars! Oh, rattling trains
o'erhead!

Oh, hustle of this driving town! Oh, life too briskly
sped!

'Twixt you and me 'twere sweet to put a temporary gap,
And go and sit awhile in Boston's calm, commodious lap.

'Tis true, it's not the town it was some twenty years
ago,

For even Boston can't neglect its Yankee right to grow;
But still, one finds a peerless club just where one found
it then,

And gazing out on Beacon Hill those same good Boston
men.

SPRING FEVER

I want to play with them awhile, and hear their Boston
prate,

And note their spreading dearth of hair and irksome
gains in weight;

And, just as an experiment, there might perhaps be
tried

One Boston cocktail's work in an abstemious inside.

I want to drive on Brookline roads, past homes where
lives are spent

In fiscal ease, and sport, and intellectual content;

And see the Dedham polo sharps their livers' weal pro-
mote,

And hear on India wharf the lay that greets the Port-
land boat.

Oh, Boston, sweet are your delights, and though they
may seem vain

To minds austere, my spirit craves the taste of them
again.

Oh, heavenly town when one is tired! this good one may
discern

In you that Heaven has not, since one may taste you,
and return.

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

1892

EBEN PYNCHOT was sad, Eben Pynchot was
gloomy,

While it might be a trifle too much to assume he
Was ready to vacate this vortex of strife,
There was no denying he didn't like life.
He had tried it both ways, tried it just as it came,
And gone out of his way to make of it a game
Of elaborate methods and definite plan,
With ends fit to serve as the chief ends of man.
Either way it seemed now he 'd been chasing a bubble,
And the fun he had had hardly paid for the trouble.

First trying it poor, with his living to work for,
He had used as much strength as he had to exert for
That purpose and stopped there; not that he was lazy,
But going without to him always came easy,
And he greatly preferred to have less and economize,
With a mind free to meditate, read, or astronomize,
Than to hustle, with due acquisition of dross,
But with no mind for aught except profit or loss.

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

"In his work," said his boss, "he 's a youth to be counted on
Very much as you 'd trust to a clever automaton,
But for all that he cares for commercial adventure, he
Would go through the same daily round for a century."

For a while once he did show some symptoms of go
That promised in time into "business" to grow;
He worked overtime, and his questions betrayed
Such a wish to discover how money was made
That his increase of zeal by his owners was noted
And he stood on the sharp edge of being promoted,
When his eagerness all of a sudden dispersed
And he lapsed into just what he had been at first.
It was never explained, but it seemed to come pat
That Miss Blake married Rogers the June after that.

'Twas the following spring that his great-uncle Eben,
Whose toil in "the Swamp" long had lucrative proven,
Caught a cold riding home insufficiently clad
And promptly developed the prevalent fad.
"Pneumonia; age much against him," 'twas whispered.
His life had been frugal and leather had prospered.
The will spattered off at the start with bequests
To cousins, and colleges, hospitals, rests
For the wayworn, old servants, familiars, and clerks,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Till it showed a round sum gone for love and good works.
"All of which," it ran on, "being paid with due care,
Being still of sound mind, I appoint and declare
Eben Pynchot, my nephew and namesake, to be
Of the whole of the residue sole legatee."

"His nephew! Don't know him," Executor Willing
said.

"Never heard of him!" echoed Executor Hollingshed.

"Was here at the funeral," said Executor Prince,

"I saw him, but haven't laid eyes on him since.

Never mind, he'll turn up." But all three of them
guessed

That his share would be small after paying the rest.

Then came the post-mortem. The trio selected to

Operate found what they hadn't expected to.

The autopsy dazed them. A simple tin box,

Excised from behind a Trust Company's locks,

Developed securities in lots and varieties

So ample and with such regard for proprieties

In the matter of dividends, that those worthy men

Sat speechless till, getting their wind back again,

An admission each gasped in such voice as he could

Of how old Eben's worth had been misunderstood.

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

"That young man is well off," said Executor Willing;
"Eight millions in pocket as sure as a shilling."
Mused Executor Prince: "Nearer twelve, I should say,
And he 'd better be sent for without more delay."

He took it all calmly, incredulous first,
Then wonder-eyed, lastly resigned to the worst.
Being quit of the need to beg, labor, or rob,
He made sure of the facts and then threw up his job,
Bought a sharp, shining shears fit his coupons to sever,
And regarding himself done with labor forever,
Set out with serene disposition to measure
What profit might lie in existence at leisure.

Five years passed, they left him well on in his twenties,
But still to his new trade a willing apprentice;
Deliberate still in his manner, and spare
In his frame, fitly dressed and with not too much care,
Eating all things and drinking all freely, and yet with
The sort of instinctive discretion that 's met with
In monkeys, and men who from testing it find
That less fun with the gullet means more with the
mind.

For he realized young that though houses may burn
And be built again finer, and jewels return

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

That were lost, and a fortune misused be replaced
By a windfall in spite of inordinate waste,
And a man's very ancestors sometimes may be
Swapped off, a job lot, for a fresh pedigree,
Though his babes he may shift too, and even his wife,
The stomach he starts with stays by him through life;
And too much or too little care what he shall put in it
Is likely to leave him at last with his foot in it.

Five years he had travelled, by gradual stages
Finding out what a million a year in this age is,
And inuring himself to the startling effects
Wrought by gold on deposit responsive to checks.
Circumventing the globe on a track loosely planned,
He had got some idea of the lay of the land,
Supplementing the same with deliberate diligence
By study of people and human intelligence.
Wise men and wise virgins and fools of all statuses,
Promoters, scamps, anarchists, young Fortunatuses,
Russian princes, dukes, beggars, lords, common Cook's
tourists,
Diplomatists, gamblers, mind-readers, faith-curists,
Grooms, couriers, mandarins, pashas, bagmen, colonels,
Professors, cads, spendthrifts, correspondents of jour-
nals,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

He had rubbed against all of them and hundreds more too
Getting aspects of life from diverse points of view.
Pall Mall, Piccadilly, Bois, Boulevard, Corso
Had grown trite to his eye as Fourteenth Street, or
more so.

The famed bank of Neva, each Ringstrasse mart,
The paths Unter Linden, he knew all by heart.
Duly vouched for in letters of forceful variety,
He had dabbled two seasons in London society.
A house in Park Lane had disputed his stay
With a suite that he kept in the Rue de la Paix.
The Derby those years 'twas worth doing, to see
The swells on his drag: ditto more at Grand Prix.
On a stem-winder yacht in the Mediterranean
He had cruised in such guise as Jove visited Danaë in,
Putting in at his whim where there chanced to appear a
Fête worthy to share in the bright Riviera;
Waking up Monte Carlo by way of a prank,
By testing new methods of breaking the bank;
Storing Venice, her stones and canals, in his memory,
The Bosphorus cleaving, romantic and glamourous;
Then the Nile, thence Suez, by his craft percolated,
Let him in on the East with a mind not yet sated:
Bombay and Colombo, Calcutta and Delhi,
Simla, Bangkok and Singapore, Canton and Shanghai,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Tientsin and Peking, and flowery Japan
Had all fitted into his nebulous plan.
Seeing all that he might and inferring the rest,
He had drifted on, gaining, with modified zest,
Much lore of carved ivory, lacquers and pottery,
Theosophy, Buddhism, jade, gems, and tottery
Shrines, flavored all by things mentioned or written
By the all-supervising, ubiquitous Briton.

Nor had he neglected that signally filling
Device known as "sport," euphemistic for killing.
Constrained by the vogue that that pastime secures,
He had bagged countless pheasants, stalked deer on
Scotch moors,
Chased foxes on horseback, tracked Muscovite bears,
Met tigers at home in their Bengalese lairs,
And capped African beasts with assorted quietuses,
From lions and elephants down to mosquitoes.
Discerning how great and how cheap is the credit
Accorded to blood, he continued to shed it,
Till his mentors admitted he couldn't do more,
And Phil Armour himself wasn't deeper in gore.

So, too, horse. Though his globe-trotting didn't permit
Him to feel for that beast the concern he is fit

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

To awaken in man, he became with his looks
Well acquainted enough to know withers from hocks;
And if all of his good points he couldn't detect,
He acquired at the least an unstinted respect
For a brute in whose structure one great end in view 'tis
To help idle men to exist without duties.

Exhausting at last the incentives to roam,
Eben gathered his trophies and turned toward home.
Despatching his yacht her own passage to work,
He sailed on a "liner" himself for New York,
And arrived, duly sanctioned that town to possess
By that title unchallenged, a London success.
In due time joining clubs and his birthright renewing
He got some idea what his fellows were doing,
And ventured to make his desire understood
To share their proceedings as far as he could.
Obtaining a villa not too far away
He put himself up there, not meaning to stay
By himself, but desiring some haven to fly to
When he wanted to think, or had reason to try to.
On the Hudson it stood, on whose fresh-water tide
His boat lay prepared to vex waters untried
Any moment her owner whim-prompted might happen
To step on her deck with his wishing (sea) cap on.

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

In a couple more years by more long-distance gadding,
Whenever one place or one crowd got too madding,
He'd conversant become with this land's superficialities
And the palpable traits of American species.
Playing polo at Newport and coaching at Lenox,
Mount Desert's hazards daring unshattered, and then oc-
cidentally threading the fresh-water seas,
Thence off to the land of hot springs and big trees,
Adding big-horns and elk to the list of his slaughtered,
Back to bow to she-Patriarchs, bejewelled, bedaubed,
Watching Congress dispute through a Washington win-
ter,
Leading Germans the pace of a misapplied sprinter—
It was fun, but for all it diverted and pleased
Eben Pynchot, it left in him, all unappeased,
A gnawing distrust of how long to beguile
Life by dodging its problems was really worth while.
So back to that villa he had on the brink
Of the Hudson he drifted and paused there to think.

He took time to it; building a little and planting,
Assorting the fruits of his wide gallivanting,
Disposing his porcelains, pictures, and bric-à-brac
(Hitherto jumbled out helter-skelter and pick-a-back).

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

So that other collectors, inspecting his plunder,
Might covet his bits with due envy and wonder;
That his Japanese swords, when his rivals should call on
 'em,
Might stir in them desperate longings to fall on 'em;
That his peachblows and sang-de-bœufs, and various
 glazes
Might rouse into violent mania the crazes
Of persons whose cherished and costly insanity
Makes them suitable objects of man's inhumanity.

Some orchids he got too, not many but curious,
And a notable lot of chrysanthemums glorious.
Also horses enough for his uses vehicular,
And to make spavins, ringbones, diseases navicular,
Splints, curbs, and most species of equine affection
Familiar enough to him soon for detection.
Yet with all of these manifold means of distraction
He still found time for thought, for the blues, for inaction.

The newspapers came with the world's motley annals,
And into his mind through unfortified channels
Ran the story of enterprise, effort, success,
Mishap, want, and failure that reels from the press,
And stuck there, corroding his lights, and his liver's

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Performance so marring it gave him the shivers,
Because with no authorized permit to shirk,
He was living as quit of humanity's work
As a grasshopper is, in a June meadow playing,
Of the trite agricultural duty of haying.
It was then that his spirits began to succumb
To that duly hereinbefore hinted at gloom,
Week by week, month by month, grew his dissatisfaction
Till at last came the climax that foreshadowed action.

"What is it," he mused, "that makes life worth the living?
Is it endless receiving and spending, or giving?
Is it lollipops, flapdoodle, horses, and yachts;
Having pennies to drop in all possible slots?
Is it hustle and get-there, the genius for trade
And commercial combines, by which fortunes are made?
I never liked that. Was it luck or mishap
That a fortune without it fell into my lap?
A boulder of size has been rolled to the crown
Of a hill: I can start it and let it roll down.
If you set a great trap and within my reach bring it,
No doubt I can jump on the bait-plate and spring it.
But the question keeps pressing what fellow gets caught—

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Whose legs the trap shuts on—who is it that 's bought?
I 'm not sure, but at odd times I own I opine
That the limbs that I see held so firmly are mine!
Must I keep to the end of the chapter, I wonder,
This purposeless rôle of idealized rounder!
It is really a good gift that snatches away
The motives for labor and substitutes play!
The fellows that do things and are things attain
Their lead by hard discipline seasoned with pain.
Their characters grow by the sort of endeavor
That seizes on time as a slice of forever.
It begins just a little to get through my head
What the grave Seer of Galilee meant when He said
What he did to that youth who disliked His advice
And went off disconcerted to pause and think twice.
If the spirit's the man, what in thunder's the use
Of indulging the senses with pains so profuse
If the more you indulge them the harder it is
For the spirit to get what is lawfully his!
Not the best behorsed drag can keep up very far
With a tuppenny cart that is hitched to a star.
Having fun with one's money's a good thing to do,
But how about letting it have fun with you!
Mine shall serve, not possess; and unless I can keep
My place soul end upward, on top of my heap,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

I vow that by way my defeat to acknowledge
I'll dump the whole pile on a Methodist college."

Eben Pynchot's become a laborious man.
He went back to work with more purpose than plan,
And his purpose was no more than this, that he would
With himself and his pile do the best that he could.
But he followed the rule, both in person and pelf,
That who does best for others does best for himself.
He's occupied now with an office and clerks,
Deep in politics, business concerns, and good works.
Much he gives, but how much, or to whom, or to what,
Are things that this rhyming deponent learns not.
Of a dozen great charities yearly one sees
His name lettered out in the list of trustees.
He owns model tenements, too, and I know
Of his trying experiments not long ago
To see whether a system of loan-shops could thrive
Where borrowers needn't be quite skinned alive.
As for politics, knowing that folks can make shift
To do without help if so be they have thrift,
But good government's something they can't thrive
without,
He does his best efforts to bring that about.
And he sticks to it so, with such dogged persistence,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Such energy here, and again such resistance,
That I own there are times when I almost prepare
To see some hall or other run Eben for mayor.

His liver works better now, thanks to this whirl
Of industry, and—oh! besides, there's a girl!
Such a dear! such a heart! and such wits! such a head!
Such a hang to her gown! such a poise of her tread!
She has stock in that loan-office scheme I was speak-
Ing of. Eben consults with her four times a week.
And so arch is her smile and so cheerful his scoff
That I own I think sometimes they will hit it off.
'Twould be great luck for Eben if those two should pair
For who needs so much help as an arch-millionaire!

VERSES OF OCCASION

RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING

From *Life*, January, 1893.

WHEN *Life* began, experienced persons said:
“See Lachesis her shears snip that slim thread,
A line so slender can’t protracted be:
Lo, Punchinello’s early tomb! and see
Yon tumulus whose cut-off hump declares
How premature an end was *Vanity Fair’s*.
Brightness and brevity as surely mate
As pork and beans. It isn’t chance; it’s fate!
A few brief months of coruscation, then
Life will go out.” So said experienced men.

A decade swift since then this Earth has sped,
And every day has turned things on their head.
Croakers who moaned “short *Life!*” themselves have
died,
Strong banks have bursted; men whose means defied
All turns of fortune have been brought to use
The surer plan of having naught to lose.
“Assured success” has gone through bankruptcy.
Merit in partnership with Industry
Have somehow failed to justify presumption,

RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING

And draw a salary now, employed by Gumption.
New journals, solemn, fiscal, economic,
Religious, newsy, sporty, spicy, comic,
Diurnal, weekly—every kind you take—
Have mostly left depression in their wake.
Still round this world has spun, nor lost a minute,
And *Life*—"brief, fitful *Life*"—*Life* still is in it.

Ten times around the freckled orb of day,
Hebdomadally blazing out the way,
What a procession of its blessed self
Stalks through that score of volumes on *Life's* shelf!
What old, old friends perennially appear!
What new ones come and go, to chide or cheer!
Fair Chloe, both ways drawn, choosing by toss
'Twixt Strephon's ardor and old Bullion's dross;
Lucy and Jack kept single by the curse
Of large requirements and a slender purse;
The joys ornate in which the rich compete;
The simple pastimes of a Thompson Street;
Shanty-bred Romeo's high-flown speeches poured
Into the infant ears of his adored;
Cesnola's fragments joined with too much skill;
The summer-girl, by ennui driven to kill
Too sluggish hours by stirring with her fan

RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING

The smouldering passion of the casual man;
The Sabbatarian, aye obtusely prone
To estimate the Lord's day as his own;
The anxious tests the newly married make
To learn what course two lives when lumped must take
In all his uses in recurring course
That dearest quadruped to man, the horse;
Dudes, chappies, flunkies, bishops, statesmen, sports;
Brusque millionaires; professors of all sorts;
Managing matrons, doctors, perfect dears;
Prudes, politicians, fortune-hunting peers;
Prigs, flirts, small boys chock full of devilment;
Wrong-headed folks who err with good intent;
Policemen, parsons, all the recurring train
That cross the boards of time, and come again,
While down in front in strongest light confer
The score-score stars of the McAllister.

Dear hundred thousand friends to whom *Life* owes
The vital force by which it lives and grows,
Your prompt support its infant steps that propped
And never since has wavered, much less stopped,
Is still its best possession—its very self—
Since when that ceases *Life* goes on the shelf.
For any good *Life* has availed to do,

RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING

The lion's share of praise belongs to you.
'Twas you that opened Gotham's museum's door
And helped make Sunday useful to the poor;
'Twas you, last summer, and your fostering care,
That gave, through *Life*, four thousand babes fresh air.
Your laugh has turned purse-proud Assumption pale,
Your scornful eyes have seen Imposture quail,
And driven the bigot skulking from his niche,
And checked the follies of the idle rich.
Life, truly, fits the shafts to proper strings,
But 'tis your hands that give the missiles wings.
Be still the sun that brings *Life's* buds to bloom!
Forgive its faults; its failings still assume
To be such griefs as come to every man
When what he would mismatches what he can:
Still speed its darts at Folly as she flies;
Still laugh down ostentation, meanness, lies;
Still share its mirth; still help its humor's point
To jab the times where'er they're out of joint.
Whate'er befalls this world of greed and strife,
While *Life* has you, be sure you shall have *Life*.
Let's keep on trying, without undue fuss,
To make the world less gloomy, having us.

LIFE LOQUITUR

From *Life*, January 2, 1908.

NO, I am not so young as I was,
Not new in the world any more.
There 's little that any one does
But I 've seen it done often before.
If I 've come to observe and reflect,
If I don't have to wait to be told,
It 's only what 's right to expect—
I 'm a full quarter-century old.

Twenty-five 's no great age, but, dear me!
When I pass in review what has been,
And match up the marvels I see
With the notable things I have seen,
And count the good men that ar' n't here,
And reckon the haps that befell,
I own, tally woe, tally cheer,
I 've been hanging around quite a spell.

Presidents six have I known,
Chester and Grover and Ben,
Grover, more requisite grown,
Back in the White House again,

LIFE LOQUITUR

William McKinley twice called,
In his fifth summer laid low,
Theodore duly installed,
And—sakes alive! Theodore now.

Good times and bad I've been through,
Saw and outlived ninety-three,
Bryan's first vagaries knew—
Silver's dire threat to be free.
Hard combination to beat!
Just when the crash seemed in sight,
Dollar a bushel for wheat
Won us the Sound Money fight.

Confidence rising again,
Straightway prosperity's tide
Turned and began pouring in.
Hark! Was that Cuba that cried?
Shrieked to us "Save me from Spain!"
While we considered our answer
Down to her doom went the Maine
In the mud of the Tropic of Cancer!

War! Couldn't stay it then. War!
Vain the appeals of outsiders.

LIFE LOQUITUR

Bristled the sea and the shore;
Roosevelt raised the Rough Riders.
Dewey—Manila Bay—May Day—
Turn the long page full of lines;
See us in Glory's huge heyday,
Stuck with the far Philippines.

Theodore, master of luck;
Theodore, marvel of vigor;
Toe in the stirrup, tongue on the cluck,
Finger not far from the trigger;
Eager to swim in the tide's swiftest eddy,
Fatefully steered on his way there,
Him in the White House finding already,
We-all cried: "Theodore, stay there!"

Every one now must be good,
No one the laws may ignore,
Magnates must do as they should,
Trusts may not hog any more.
Righteousness garnished with rue!
(Hark to the stock-ticker's click!)
As you 'd be done by, so do!
Failing, beware the Big Stick!

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LIFE LOQUITUR

So here we are, and p'raps you know
Where we 'll come out; I don't.
The yeast 's been working in the dough.
That 's good, I guess. Oh, yes! but oh!
It 's agitating; differing so
From old-time use and wont.

But let it work; so history 's made,
While we stand by and gape.
Nor is Time's stormy current stayed
Because onlookers are afraid.
When Destiny's big games are played,
They 're played, and no escape.

My Gibson girls are mothers now
Of daughters fair as they,
And of prospective voters, too:
Wise voters, doubtless; anyhow
As wise in prospect, all allow,
As are their sires to-day.

A country's strength is in its men;
Ours are their mothers' sons.
The breed 's been duly tried, and when
Have problems stumped it? Duly then

LIFE LOQUITUR

We 'll see our problems solved again
So history's forecast runs.

Let 's all be good and trim our sails,
And hold our courses true;
For never mind what mischief ails,
Unless the human factor fails,
The old God-fearing' grit avails
To pull the patient through.

LIFE TO HIS FRIENDS

From *Life*, January 2, 1913.

Dear hundred thousand friends to whom *Life* owes
The vital force by which it lives and grows,
Your prompt support its infant steps that propped
And never since has wavered, much less stopped,
Is still its best possession—its very self—
Since when that ceases, *Life* goes on the shelf.
For any good *Life* has availed to do,
The lion's share of praise belongs to you.
Let's keep on trying, without undue fuss,
To make the world less gloomy, having us!

SO *Life* at ten years old, and so the tale
Runs on, trite maybe, but in no wise stale.
Dear friends, grown now to be a million strong,
To faithful you the pæans still belong.
Somehow you've stuck, through slender and through
thick,
And many a hoof have dodged, and many a brick.
For fifteen hundred weeks and more, your aid
The mordant forces of decay have stayed,
At censure blinked and calumny ignored,
And damned the fatal charge that you were bored.
Something has held you, comrades; what it was
Has puzzled experts. What a mortal does

LIFE TO HIS FRIENDS

Has always blemishes. Mischance, mistake,
False inference and misconception, make
Blots on his record, do the best he may.
For this, one squad, for that, another, say
“Out on him!” “Do him up!” “Not fit to live!”
“No more of him!” and proper orders give.
But where the vital spark burns really strong,
That doesn’t end it. Still he plods along:
Scolded, finds balm in thought that many men
Have many minds, and downed, bobs up again.

Nothing on Earth’s quite right. Lots of it’s good,
But nothing goes precisely as it should,
Nor so near right but that a skilful dab
Lands near some spot in it that needs a jab.
Now jabs are what *Life’s* office ’tis to yield;
Jester and critic, that’s his proper field;
Not wantonly, nor fiercely, but polite,
Good-natured, with attentive skill, to *bite*.
But, friends, this world of comfortable folk
Is full, who think a jab or bite’s no joke.
Respectable and solvent, they make known
Th’ existing order’s good to let alone;
They like it, faults, absurdities and all,
And when you bite their end of it, they bawl.

LIFE TO HIS FRIENDS

To them, *Life's* obvious office is to show
What other fellows think is partly so.
Perhaps, because you think they should be shown,
Dear million friends, you never quite disown
Your faulty, barking *Life*, so bad, so bold,
That never would or could do as it's told.

No, never! Do you wonder why? Demand
To know its master; then you'll understand.
A sense of letters and a sense of art;
A sense of justice and a decent heart;
No mule to drive more obstinate than he,
But on the team he drives a hand so free,
So light, so sure, controlled by such a wit,
The driven speed on unconscious of the bit;
Erroneous, sympathetic, ever young;
Shrewd like the Pilgrim stock from which he sprung;
Not fooled by praise, by censure not unnerved,
Nor yet by Vanity's distraction swerved;
Free thinker, zealot, Pan, all rolled in one
And penetrated with a sense of fun
And breeze of Gaul. You have him! There's your
man!
Maker of *Life* the only way he can.

AD SODALES

Read at a dinner of the Class of 1877, Harvard College, June 27, 1882

IS it a dream? Can it be true
That we, ungalled by business fetters,
Four careless years once loitered through,
Sojourners in the home of letters?
Beyond a doubt it is a fact
Well ascertained and well attested:
The classic shades, though not intact,
Are still the shades that we infested.

Across from Holyoke House still bloom
Horse-chestnut trees with fragrant blossom;
Old Jarvis Field is still the home
Of balls, and men who love to toss 'em.
The shriek of car-wheel rounding curve,
The listener's blood still duly curdles;
Their graceful height the elms preserve,
Oblivious to their tarry girdles.

And still across the winding Charles
Come shells, and smells, and rapid barges;
The Freshman still, in force at Carl's,
His knowledge of the world enlarges.

AD SODALES

The Sophomore is still assured
That wisdom with himself shall perish;
To Clubs the Junior still is lured;
Still tender fancies Seniors cherish.

But yesterday, and we, like these,
Were nursing our jejune affections,
And putting in for our degrees,
And squabbling over class elections.
That Class Day night,—the window-seat,
From which all thought of else was banished
While She sat there, so dear—so sweet—
Ah, since that night five years have vanished !

Another grinds where once we ground;
Another loafs where once we idled;
And others still cavort around
With spirits—like ours *were*—unbridled.
New fellows now presume to woo
New girls, whose charms we never wot of;
New scouts there are and goodies too,
A whole new world that we are not of.

But still, when dismal howls the wind,
And sweeps the rain in gusts and flurries,

AD SODALES

When he who walks looks not behind
But turns his collar up and hurries,—
On certain granite blocks is brought
To light, an ancient legend,* showing
Where, in the days we knew, 'twas thought
The University was going.

And was it going there, or can
There truly be a place infernal
Where Justice takes it out of man
For transient sins by pains eternal?
I do not know! It is not worth
One's while to disinter dead issues;
I know that what make Hell of Earth
Are weakened wills and worn-out tissues.

And to these mundane hells, they say,
The paths that lead at first are cheerful
And bright, but further on, the way,
If still pursued, grows dark and fearful.
It may be some of us did get
Too far along—I do not say so—

* NOTE.—On the front of University Hall appeared one morning the inscription, "The University is Going to Hell." It was scrubbed off, but is still legible in damp weather.

AD SODALES

But—Well! we 'll do to pray for yet:

We are survivors: let us stay so.

The voices of the gentlest tone,

The truest eyes, and hearts the kindest;

The minds most conscious of their own

Shortcomings, and to ours the blindest;

Ah! one by one, and year by year,

Beneath the graveyard's grassy hummocks

We see them laid, and we meet here,

Worse men, perhaps, with better stomachs.

Death, Flaccus says, with equal kick

Salutes the door of prince and peasant;

Nor comes he slower or more quick

If life be burdensome or pleasant.

'Tis fit that in his steps should tread

Sweet Charity, the all-forgiving

Nil nisi bonum of the dead:

Be all our censure for the living.

We, who are left, be ours to keep

Our harnesses from getting rusty;

What wit we have from going to sleep;

Our wisdom from becoming musty:

AD SODALES

To catch the rein our fellow drops,
Mount, and in action growing bolder,
Reck not that at the crupper stops
His Care with ours, behind our shoulder.

And though we realize what dross
And fleeting things our hearts are set on;
How much of seeming gain is loss;
How many truths we dare not bet on;
Regret the protoplasmic germs
That launched us in this higgledy jiggle,
And feel ourselves but wriggling worms,
Still, being worms,—do let us wriggle.

Who scorns, for aught the world can give,
To stoop to lie, or trick, or juggle;
Who knows that he has got to live
Though only pain rewards the struggle;
Who nurses to their fullest growth
The talents to his care committed,
And runs his race, and nothing loath,
Be he who may against him pitted,—

He acts the man, and though the prize
May not reward his long endeavor;

AD SODALES

Though at the goal which lured his eyes
He comes too late, perhaps, or never;
Still day by day by what he does
He forms the fact by which to grade him.
'Twas not Sardanapalus, 'twas
Leonidas, whose venture paid him.

.

Perhaps your poet's jester's cap
But ill conceals a care-worn wrinkle;
The bells he rattles have, mayhap,
Too, too lugubrious a tinkle;
Fill then each glass, and join with me
In wine for just such uses given,
To whoop her up, with three-times three
And bumpers all for Seventy-Seven!

Our Alma Mater's naughty child, .
Whose conscience never seemed to quicken;
Whom even now she calls her wild-
Est, most disreputable chicken:
Whose conduct with a wish to please
Had seldom much that was in keeping;
Who sowed, Ah me! a lively breeze,—
Heaven send no whirlwinds for our reaping,—

AD SODALES

But grant that while our heads grow cool,
Our hearts beat still a genial patter;
That with increased regard for rule,
And pocketbooks grown somewhat fatter
The sluggish mass of things to be
May find in us a sprightly leaven;
To make it lighter and more free,
I give—the Class of *Seventy-Seven*.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER

Read at dinner at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Class of '77,
Harvard College, June 24, 1902.

HERE at the top of the divide,
Sit we together,
And smile as we look back,
To mark our tortuous track;
And sigh to see outspread
The long down-grade ahead;
And face the past, and then the coming fate,
And sigh, and smile; and prate
Of years long sped and good men gone,
And drink a glass, and sing another song.

This being forty-six, or thereabouts,
Isn't it queer?
This getting gray and trying to get wise!
This seeing younger men lift many a prize!
This having boys and girls at seats of learning
Spending more money than their sires are earning!
'Tis not in nature unconcerned to view
This slipping past the point of going-to-do,
But glad in gains, our losses we endure.
There's life left in the old class yet; that's sure.

.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER

They say there sits with us, his cheek still ruddy,
Charles William Eliot's likeliest understudy.*

Dear, dear; 'twould be a sight to flout the scorner
To see old Seventy-seven head that corner!

.

Arcadians all, we deprecate all fuss.

Let Fame sweat on a-keeping tab on us!

Let Eighty swell with pride, and cheer and bustle:

We could have given her odds with Billy Russell!

Dear man with thought of him our hearts are moved—

Of him, and Sigourney, the well-beloved,

Whose hand and heart and voice in charmed accord

Brought warmth and mirth and kindness to our board.

Here, at the top of the divide,

Sitting together,

Not at loss shall we repine,

But sit tight and drink our wine,

Better wives we couldn't have,

Better children don't deserve,

Better men we may be yet,

Better prizes, maybe, get,

But whatsoever

Fate for us may have in store,

* Abbott Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University, 1909.

T W E N T Y - F I V E Y E A R S A F T E R

Be it less or be it more,
Be it gold or be it lead,
Be it tail or be it head,
Be it odd or be it even
Here's again to Seventy-seven !

FIFTY YEARS OLD

Read at the Class Dinner of Harvard, '77, June 25, 1907.

IT is not a matter that needs rubbing in,
If it hurts anybody it needn't be told;
It's only that none of us youths will again
Be a day less than fifty-and-something years old.

Don't want to, say I; it's a wonderful age.
Good as new. And so many sound reasons to praise it
Soft end of the job and big end of the wage,
And all the good work you've done counting to raise it

It's true that disbursements with winnings agree.
That 50-year incomes have suckers to suit.
That's nothing. What profits a fifty-year tree,
If not to give shade and yield adequate fruit?

Such valuable folk as are fifty years old!
Such burdens they carry, such currents they stem!
It's good to be of them and help to uphold
The chin of a world that might sink, but for them.

Sodales, who thirty years since became men,
Aspiring to reach what their fingers might clutch,

FIFTY YEARS OLD

Ahead still our gaze is, intently as then.

We hope, we desire, we aspire just as much.

But this is the difference: Our own future then

Enlisted our hopes and aroused our misgivings;

What calls to us now is the new race of men,

Our sons and our daughters, their fates and their liv-
ings.

God bless them ! We give them the best that we 've got—

Young hearts bound to ours on the old human plan,

Coming now, squad by squad, year by year to the spot

Where we stood erstwhile when our friendship began.

We coddle them, counsel them, settle their bills;

To prosper their running we sweat and we strive.

They follow, as we did, the bent of their wills.

They don't do what we did. I guess they 'll survive.

Bend, bend your backs, brothers, the spine's in them
still.

Being fifty years old is the grandest thing yet;

The age of wise service, of disciplined will,

When the heart does not change, nor the stomach
forget;

FIFTY YEARS OLD

When prudence her lessons has taught and got through;
When choices are settled and courses defined;
When what we are doing is what we should do,
And fifty years back of us drive from behind.

The age of arrival, of wisdom, of light,
Of passion grown pale by affection supplanted;
When men know enough to go home when it 's night,
And get—when they do—what they ought to have
wanted.

Not so young as we were, but still passable men;
Not so aged that all of our story 's yet told.
Come, whoop her up, brothers, be juniors again!
There 's lots of life left in us fifty years old.

THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY

Read before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge, June 30, 1898

WHEN forth the shepherd boy in Elah's vale
To meet Goliath fared, no coat of mail
Nor sword nor spear he took, nor anything
Except one little penny-dreadful sling.
His pebble sped. The big Philistine's fall
Gave humble means a license once for all,
And helps your bard a warrant to construe
To launch light verse at learned men like you.

Masters of erudition, chosen sirs,
Whose knowledge close with all that's known concurs,
Who taste all fruits on wisdom's tree that grow—
After all's said, what do we need to know?
Knowledge is power. What knowledge? Power for
what?
To do, or not to do? To have, or not?
Shall learning make our hearts or pockets stout?
Bring things, or teach us how to go without?
Prompt us to spare, or qualify to spend?
Is it a means, or shall it be an end?

THE KINGDOM, THE POWER

All day the Hindoo sits and contemplates
His navel. Earth spins onward while he waits.
No loss of time his brooding hope concerns;
His concentrated thought serves all his turns—
His food, the least that soul and body joins;
His raiment, but the clout about his loins.
To think is all he asks; indeed, it's more—
He only seeks to keep an open door
Whereinto may perhaps in time be turned
A consciousness transcending all things learned.
Heedless of force, oblivious to fact,
Broken of every wish or power to act,
Under his bo-tree, rapt, behold him sit,
A patient mark for wisdom's darts to hit.

In violent, prodigious contrast, view
Our devotee who lives to put things through!
Intense in aim, tremendous in attempt,
He dares such feats as wizards might have dreamt
Prompt from a bed too briefly kept he springs
To giant struggles with material things.
He wrests from earth her treasures and her fruits,
Stays time, and grubs up distance by the roots.
Titanic in his hands' resourceful play,
He fits to needs, a thousand leagues away,

THE KINGDOM, THE POWER

Supplies extorted by his conjuring brain
From mine and factory, forest, sea, and plain.
As nature's secrets, yielded one by one
To searching science, meet the revealing sun,
His hail exultant glorifies the hour
That still extends the boundaries of his power.
To have, to hold, to shift, to give and take,
And from each transfer still a profit make—
That is his life; we watch him and admire,
Yet envy not his toil nor grudge his hire.

To each his task: our civilization's need
Includes things as diverse as love and greed—
As brooding thought and bustling energy—
As abstract truth and prompt utility.
His right to earth is best who best can use it;
His birthright man must justify or lose it.
This we should learn, then, and to this end strive,
Living to keep continuously alive,
And daily meet the debt we owe the day—
That irksome, wholesome debt, to make it pay.
Call us utilitarian those who will,
A warrant for our Yankee impulse still
Stands in the immemorial decree
That linked with labor human life shall be.

AND THE GLORY

For liberty and progress, hand in hand
With pushing thrift, have gone in many a land,
And mastery of earth and nature brings
The key to endless stores of precious things.
Wealth earned, not filched, power not usurped, but based
On freemen's choice, are mighty tools that, placed
In fitting hands, spread civilization's sway,
And speed the dawning of millennium's day.

Be honor, then, to him who makes the field
To wiser tillage fuller harvests yield;
Who harnesses the lightning, and constrains
Indocile steel to save the fingers pains;
Who teaches us new wants, and, turn about,
Supplies these things we cannot do without,
And makes us hope, so much do wares abound,
There 'll some time be enough to go around.

To those devoted souls be honor, too,
Who steadfastly the quest for truth pursue;
Who, rifling history's treasure-house, forecast
The future's hopes and perils from the past;
Who seek creation's darkest depths to plumb—
What man has been, and is, and may become,
Whence brought, and by what trail, and whither bound,

THE KINGDOM, THE POWER

Asking, they wrest its secrets from the ground,
The depths of earth and sea, the celestial vault,
They dredge and sift and span in an assault
So fierce and steady that the hosts of night
Fall ever back before its fervent might,
And Sol each morning rises with a shout,
Surprised at what those fellows have found out.

But honor more be his whose instincts own
The truth, "Man cannot live by bread alone"—
Who sees in righteousness, far more than wealth,
The prime essential to a nation's health;
Whom neither ease, nor quest, sublime or base,
Makes inconsiderate of his brother's case;
Whose effort is, come plenty or come dearth,
God's will to learn, and see it done on earth.
A lack of sturdy men whose aims are high
No surging tide of plenty can supply.
Doomed is the state, whatever its avails,
Where probity falls down and conscience fails.
Not gold nor iron, grain nor ships nor coal,
Can make a nation great that lacks a soul.

This above all, then, brethren, we should know,
How by our growth to make our country grow

AND THE GLORY

In that true glory whose foundations lie
In justice, freedom, and integrity—
Our country whose we are, and in whose fate
Our stake is so immeasurably great,
Whose honor ours involves, her fame our fame,
Her misdirection our remorse and shame.
Manila's guns, reverberating still,
Witness how well her sons can do her will.
Beleaguered Cuba's marching hosts attest
How swells the love of freedom in her breast.
Whate'er befall, God grant her flag may fly
In sign of righteousness and liberty,
Ne'er at ambition's beck to be unfurled
In triumph o'er the weaklings of the world,
Ne'er borne in battle save in mercy's cause
To spread the realm of peace and honest laws!
May Heaven, who gave us strength, give wisdom too
Our duty teach us, and what not to do;
And so on force may moderation wait—
So match our men of war, our chiefs of state—
That the chief fame our victories shall produce
May be the high renown of victory's use.
So be our arms, our flag, our future blest—
God save the Great Republic of the West!

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Read at the Harvard Club Dinner, New York, 1900.

I WENT down East to a football match; great game;
I'll go again.

There played a chap they called McBride, who had the
strength of ten,

And divers more, whose names I miss, but they seemed
to be all good men.

Thirty men or thereabouts competed there that day.

Thirty thousand anxious souls observed their urgent
play.

All Harvard went prepared to yell; all Harvard stayed to
pray.

Bless me, how those lusty youths toiled round that
leather sphere,

Lined up, rushed, tackled, bucked, and strove with ardor
most severe,

While earnest lads in moving tones besought the crowd
to cheer!

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Governors, senators, ministers, judges, presidents of
banks,
College presidents, mothers of families, matrons and
maids, on ranks
Of benches steeple-high, sat round and watched those
football cranks.

I sat next to a mossy fossil, forty years old, named Jim.
Neither one of us knew the game, but we went with
purpose grim
—Yet humble too—to see the show and learn—if it took
a limb.

“They say it’s dangerous!” said I, but he said, “I
don’t care;
We’ll get back seats. I understand there’ll be police-
men there.”
So there we sat and viewed the whole preposterous
affair.

It turned out safe enough for us, and as for those young
chaps
Who played, they all made nothing of astonishing mis-
haps,
Enduring superhuman-seeming strains without collapse.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

They 'd kill a player frequently, and on his corpse would
pile

A score of them, and then pile off, and he 'd get up and
smile,

And kick the ball; the blessed crowd all hollering mean-
while.

A player 'd get the ball and run; another, just as
fleet,

Would grab him passing, ankle-high, and throw him
forty feet.

He 'd land upon his head, but still continue to compete.

"Sure that one's dead," I 'd cry; and Jim—"What
odds! there 's plenty more.

What stubborn brutes those Yale men are! Why can't
our chappies score?"

*"Hi! Daly's got the ball! Now go! Down? Bless me!
What a bore!"*

Our beings to their cores were stirred that day by those
young men,

Egregious heroes doing stunts far too sublime for pen.

Down to Yale's one-yard line they fought; Yale fought
them back again.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

"And all that work and no one's game!" sighed I as we turned away.

"They jolly well got their exercise, you bet," said Jim, "this day.

In the strenuous life 't isn't wins that count, so much as how hard you play.

"Don't bother about what's gained, or whether you wallop the proper man.

In the strenuous life, to do hard things in the hardest way is the plan,

And to keep the biggest possible crowd as crazy as ever you can."

"Poor liver-saddened old croak," said I, "whose thews have lost their power;

Whose muscles are soft and his spunk collapsed, and his spirit subdued and sour,

Grand is strife of the strenuous life, and the world's best hope in this hour!"

"Granny!" said he, "those were fine young lads, and vigorous through and through.

They put commendable snap, I own, in the singular things they do.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Still granting a sport is a right good sort, need we make
it religion too?

“Must we add to the cross we ’ve had so long another
upright pole,
And shove the bar along a bit, till it ’s what they call a
goal,
And say you must drive between the posts as you hope
to save your soul?

“There ’s more to life than hustling, man, though hus-
tling has its place,
There ’s virtue in contentment still; tranquillity ’s a
grace;
According to his legs and lungs, must each man set his
pace.”

I ’ve thought about it often since, and doubtless shall again.
The strenuous life ’s a tip-top thing, I guess, for strenu-
ous men
Whose necks are short, and whose heads are hard, and
who have the strength of ten.

They ’re skittish creatures anyhow; unless they have
due vent

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

We'll have them putting up on us with maybe good
intent,

Hair-raising jobs, to which we could not possibly as-
sent.

To get them in between the shafts and let their shoul-
ders feel

The public load, 's a scheme that well to prudence may
appeal.

While we, the timid, stand by to clamp on brakes and
shoe the wheel.

Our strenuous friends who can't be cured, let them be
strenuous still.

If they'll be strenuous to our taste, we'll cheer them
to their fill,

And plank our dollars duly down to pay their long, long
bill.

But as for us, the meek and mild, our racket's to ad-
here,

To docile virtue's modest path, nor let ambition queer

Our sense, nor ever lure us off a strenuous course to
steer.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

To pose as strenuous half a day, and spend a week in
bed

Would never do; we 'd lose our jobs; our babes would
wail unfed.

Better to save our puny strength to earn our daily bread.

About one strenuous man to every thousand folks is
right.

Five hundred lean and vigilant to keep him aye in sight;
Five hundred fat to sit on him hard when he happens
to want to fight.

WHAT FOR ?

Read at the Harvard Dinner in New York, January 31, 1908.

WHAT do we go to Harvard for?
What is it all about?

Our fathers knew of something there
They thought it worth our while to share;
Something we think our boys can't spare,
So they go, too; and all the more
The riddle presses "What 's it for?"
What 's in Harvard that men misdoubt
'Twere futile thrift to do without?

Wisdom 's there for youth to get:
Follies galore to do.
Did ever youth learn wisdom yet
But glanced at Folly too?
Between the covers of books
Stands knowledge in noble store,
But it 's not all there; it 's everywhere:
And to learn to know its looks,
And find, and use it more and more,
Is what we go to Harvard for.

WHAT FOR ?

To get in touch with many men,
And to get close up to a few:
To make wise marks with a doubtful pen;
And to guess, and have it come true.
To learn to make food and drink
With labor and mirth agree;
To learn to live, and learn to think;
And to learn to be happy though free—

These at Harvard seek our Youth,
Nor in their seeking fail.
And they gain betimes the vision of truth;
And they play some games with Yale.
If they don't 'most always win,
The reason 's easily shown;
The board at home 's so rich in fare
They can't get hungry enough to care
With due concern and enough despair,
Who gets contention's bone.

TO PRESIDENT LOWELL

Read at the Harvard Dinner in New York, January 28, 1910

DEAR Sir, to this aspiring town
That bursts its belt off every year,
And, paved with shekels, thrusts its crown
Aye to the stars more near,

Thrice welcome! First, because you 're you,
And next, because you 're Harvard's chief,
And third—there 's something you might do,
We think, for our relief.

The buildings here have grown so tall,
They somehow tend to dwarf the men.
Ere Harvard graduates seem small,
Please stock us up again!

The West, the South, the Nor-nor-west,
South-west, and all the hungry East,
Keep dumping in on us their best
To share our civic feast.

From Ind. and Wis. and Mich. and Minn.,
The Slope, the Rockies, and the Soo,

TO PRESIDENT LOWELL

And eke from Texas, folks surge in,
To show us how; and do.

Ohio man and railroad king,
Miner and steel man, men with rolls,
Smart men from everywhere here bring
Their wits to try our souls.

If Harvard's chin 's to be upheld
In this competing flood of powers,
Some special orders must be filled,
And this, please, Sir, is ours.

Oh Dr. Lowell, train and teach
And send, oh, send, to help us here,
High minds, bold hearts, with gift of speech
Preferred, and vision clear.

One Joseph Choate each twenty year,
One Carter every twenty too,
And once a cycle should appear
A Roosevelt; one will do.

More Huntingtons—we need them sore,
To train the town in works of grace—

TO PRESIDENT LOWELL

More Beamans, Baldwins, Bulls, and more
McKims to deck its face.

“More of the same,” our order runs—
The same old stock that must not fail,
Articulate with speech or guns,
To make the truth prevail.

Articulate to balk the swine,
To call the money-mad to heel,
To make an old tradition shine,
And back up faith with zeal.

THE OLD STOCK

Read at the Harvard Dinner in New York, March 24, 1911.

NOW in the shade for a moment's space reposes
 (This is just a figure for he's on another ramp),
He who but lately was his country's Moses,
 Fetching us along on the road we've got to tramp.

What Harvard hand shall be next to grasp the throttle?
 What Harvard voice the rising faiths expound?
Who in the corner hold the sponge and bottle
 While our democracy fights another round?

Old are the issues, known since time's beginnings,
 Right of man and right of thrift drifting into strife;
Right of the bold to have and hold his winnings;
 Right of the worker to keep his hold on life.

Need is of men, who, all men's needs discerning,
 Practise to make come peaceably what must;
Lovers of men, whose love is armed with learning;
 Leaders of men, whose wisdom men can trust.

Not so much heroes we need as steady drivers,
 Handy with brakes when there's peril in our speed;

THE OLD STOCK

Prompt to yield a fair half the road to all and divers;
Stubborn with a stiffened back against stampede.

Such men as he we lately lost and mourn for,*
Rugged and bountiful, bold and wise to plan,
Strong in the faith and the service he was born for,
Stanch for the weal and honor of the clan.

Stock of the Puritans, from ocean spread to ocean,
Ill be the time when your consecration fails!
Now when these rival needs threaten such commotion,
Whose hand than yours should truer hold the scales!

Years, years ago your fathers built a cradle;
Rocked in it all of us, drew us to their heart;
Down into wells of truth freely dipped the ladle;
Gave us to drink and made us of themselves a part.

Heirs of the Puritans, compact of their spirit,
Nursing in liberty strong souls of men,
Proof against hysteria and never used to fear it,
Yours be to make the old flame blaze again.

Ill wins the winner who tramples on his fellow,
Sore are the gains that no service done redeems;

*J. J. H., ob., January 5, 1911.

THE OLD STOCK

Futile must still be the demagogue, his bellow,
Save when the grafter has carried through his schemes.

Curbs for the grasping, then, but chances for the able,
Cheers for the faithful, whatever task they find;
Men can't be fortunate nor institutions stable,
Save as they do their part in lifting up mankind.

Out on the sky-line there, looms our flying Dutchman.
Sharp-eyed for tasks that other hands neglect;
No duty 's safe for us to shirk with any such man
Warning the negligent what to expect.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Read at Phillips Academy, Andover: Commencement, June 27, 1900

WE learned some Latin thirty years ago,
Some Greek; some other things—geometry;
Baseball; great store of rules by which to know
When thus was so, and if it *was* so, why.
And every day due share of pie we ate,
And Sunday under hour-long sermons sate.
And thrived on both; a sound New England diet,
And orthodox. Let him who will decry it.

We spoke our Latin in the plain old way.
Tully was Cicero to Uncle Sam,
And Cæsar, Cæsar. Footballs in our day
Were spheres of rubber still. When autumn came
We kicked them, chasing after; but the sport
Was a mere pastime, not at all the sort
Of combat—strenuous, Homeric, fateful—
Whence heroes now wrest glory by the plateful.

The higher criticism was an infant then.
Curved pitching had not come, nor yellow shoes,
Nor bikes, nor telephones, nor golf, nor men
In knickerbockers. No one thought to use

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Electric force to haul folks up a hill.
We walked, or rode on Concord coaches still.
Expansion's quirks stirred then no fiercer tussles
Than such as vexed the growing vogue of bustles.

Girls then, as now, to seminaries went,
But not so much as now to colleges.
The female understanding's scope and bent
Was thought to crave a round of 'ologies
Less full than man's. We've learned, it seems, since
then
That women need whatever's good for men,
And that, though boys are tough and girls more tender,
Knowledge is power, without regard to gender.

The shade austere of Puritan restraint
Showed sharper outlines, may be, then than now.
But not to hurt. For now the old complaint
Of joys curtailed gives place to wonder how,
'Twixt stress of sports and pleasant things to do,
And waxing claims of growing knowledge, too,
The modern lad gets time to feel the joy
It was, and still must be, to be a boy.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

A checkered joy! Progress is man's desire.

And boys progress with swifter strides than men
To greater changes. Little boys aspire

To bigness, and it comes; nor turn again
Regretful eyes toward childhood. To grow strong,
And apt, and swift; to learn; to press along
Up life's first steep and glory in each rise—
That 's boyhood, as it seems to older eyes.

Time dwarfs the bulk of most material things.

The giants of our youth less monstrous seem,
Its wonders shrink when wider knowledge brings

The great world's standards to amend our dream
But youth itself to backward glances looms
Up bigger than it is. The boy assumes,
To eyes that comprehend, the form and place
That gathering years may summon him to grace.

And what place is it he should strive to gain?

What ends achieve, to what his powers apply?
The same old simple precepts still obtain

That served for all men fit to pattern by.
Dear lads, we say, the greatest thing on earth
Is service: that 's what justifies our birth.
Life can't be made worth living to a shirk.
You can't have even fun, unless you work.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Go make your bodies strong, your minds alert;
Train both to do for you the most they can.
Life's goal no runner reaches by a spurt;
Doing the daily stint 's what makes the man.
And making men is Nature's chief concern;
For right men bring things right, each in its turn.
Strive, then, to help yourselves, and, that much learned
Help others; nowise else contentment 's earned.

Oh, money 's good to have, and fame is sweet,
And leisure has its use, and sport its joys.
Go win them, if you may, and speed your feet!
But this regard: that even splendid toys
Are only toys: the important thing 's not play,
But work. Who shun the burden of the day
Shall miss as well the strength they gain who bear it—
The fellowship they only feel who share it.

THE PRUDENT FARMER

Read at the Dinner of the University Farmers' Club, 1906.

ALL farmers who have grown discreet
Have offices on William Street,
Or Broad will do—
And farms accessible and green,
Where air is pure and water clean,
And with a view.

This city life 's not everything
Of which a poet likes to sing.
It cramps a man,
And drives him hard and wears his nerves;
He wants no more of it than serves
To push his plan.

A share of it won't hurt him much;
It profits him to keep in touch
With other guys.
To mark the upshot of their strife
And get some of it for his wife
Is not unwise.

THE PRUDENT FARMER

But to be *always* hunting loot—

What sort is he that that can suit?

Out on the cuss!

Ding-dong down-town and rush about,

And ding-dong back. Perpetual rout

And ceaseless fuss!

To such the ticker's baneful click

Sounds sweeter than the rippling creek,

Or eke the birds.

The office buildings' tottering height

Beats hills in his distorted sight.

He passes words!

The disconnected farmer man

Has this defect about his plan,

That average fields

Exact attentions more profuse

Than profitable to produce

Reluctant yields.

If you would long the country praise

Don't live too much on what you raise.

That way 's not best.

But let the city do its share,

THE PRUDENT FARMER

The country furnish sun and air,
The town the rest.

Or mix your crops. Like one I knew
Who planted roots that duly grew,
And went to town,
And laid him in a thousand shares
Of Anaconda, bought from bears
For salting down.

He phosphatized his roots. They did
Uncommon well. The stocks lay hid
Waiting advance,
Till roots and stocks becoming dear
He made a hundred thousand clear
On those two plants.

Farming 's a gamble. I don't say
That roots will always act that way,
But when they do,
It 's apt to be because combined
With city products of a kind
To pull them through.

So every farmer that 's discreet
Hangs out his sign on Nassau Street,

THE PRUDENT FARMER

Or Pine or Wall—

And what the farm denies his sweat

He works his wits in town to get,

Nor grieves at all.

THE AUTOMOBILE SPEAKS

Read at the Automobile Club Dinner in New York, December 20
1911.

JUST look at me! Just look at me!

I am the motor-car. Just see!

I own the road. I've got the whole

Rolled earth just where it minds my pull.

The boldest, biggest, big thing yet,

I'm here to stay. You won't forget.

The horse, poor thing, I've done him up.

The farmers use him. Like a pup,

Some folks still keep him for a pet—

He *is* a pretty creature yet—

But when it comes to being hauled,

Four legs don't go. That hand is called.

They say war's going by the board,

As arbitration brings accord.

But while it lasts look out for me,

For my long suit's celerity.

In war be prompt! My tires may burst

But still I'm apt to get there first.

THE AUTOMOBILE SPEAKS

In peace—that 's nearly all the time—
I 'm great beyond the scope of rhyme.
Commodious, docile, swift and clean,
I fare on frugal gasoline.
I 'm never scared, and fast or slow,
I never eat unless I go.

They say I have no style. They may !
What 's style to me ! I don't eat hay,
Nor prance. Lugs have for me no lure.
No powdered wig on my chauffeur !
Plain goods, I glide where pride is rife,
The herald of the simpler life.

Efficiency 's what I admire.
I haul the engines to the fire,
To hospital the injured wight,
To school the child. By day or night
I 'm there, and ready. Whirl my crank,
I 'm off as steady as a bank.

The roads I 've built, go out and see !
They do come high, but that must be.
They 're worth it. They and I contrive
Enlargement for the human hive,

Connecting life with where there 's room.
My! How we 've made the country boom!

I know some folks still get along
Without me. Well, that 's not all wrong.
Trolleys must live and shoe men, too;
There 's work for all of us to do.
They say I 'm dear, but that 's not so.
I 'm cheap, if you can raise the dough.

Go out and look! Where do you spy
A better money's worth than I?
I 'm a new want, and wants compete
For what men get. Without conceit,
I 'm not afraid to make a pass
At any want that 's in my class.

For see, I 'm not a thing at all,
But that which qualifies them all.
I 'm time, I 'm space, I 'm power, I 'm health
And country air and urban wealth,
Vision, and sport, and rest from strife—
A length spliced on the span of life.

FORTITER OCCUPA PORTUM

Read at the opening of the new Brearley School, November 26, 1912

THE Brearley School has a grimy face,
And the dust lies on its steps,
And signs "To Let" its walls disgrace
Like the smudge of the demi-reps.
No little maids trip in and out,
No waiting-maids there wait.
No mothers linger thereabout,
And say "My child is late!"

What dregs are these in Brearley's cup?
Oh grief! Oh shame! Oh sin!
"Say, kind policeman, say, what's up?
Is Brearley's school all in?"
"Why no! the Brearley hasn't ceased;
Gone up she has, not down;
(I miss those kids) moved three blocks East,
And seventeen up-town!"

Hail comely walls, so late begun,
Tall reared in modest pride,
All windowed on the rising sun,
Or on the sailor's guide!

Oh joy! Oh Jay! Oh white-marked day!
Be all with smiles elate,
That Brearley's will and Croswell's skill
Have come to such estate!

Make bold, oh admirable walls,
The young ideas you house
To stand up firm to Fate, her calls,
And face or man or mouse!
The Future's mothers, shape them still,
Though other plans advance;
Girls will be girls, be sure they will,
If they have half a chance!

Honor be yours, wise teachers, you
Who all the maids endow
With such capacities of view,
And powers of knowing how,
Through computation's awful snares
Their stumbling feet who guide,
And post them, almost unawares,
On hosts of things beside!

Shot through with all that Grecian thought,
Or Puritan essayed,

FORTITER OCCUPA PORTUM

Wise with a wisdom trial-bought
 To lead the aspiring maid,
A spirit human to the end,
 Uncrampt by learning's whim,
Adviser, scholar, teacher, friend,
 The Master, here's to him!

Bright-faced and fair the Brearley School
 Confronts the morning sun,
Strong in the wise and gentle rule,
 So long ago begun;
The lively maids its class-rooms fill;
 Anon the handmaids wait;
And strong she stands in friends' good will.
 Be ever that her state!

CHRISTMAS, 1912

From *Life*, December 5, 1912.

MERRY Christmas, Merry Christmas
To the whole gyrating ball!
To Turk and Slav and Jew and Celt
And Teuton, great and small!
To all who dance the turkey trot,
And all who dance the jig,
And all who pipe for dancing, both
The little and the big!
Go whirl, go whirl, oh merry orb,
While some tectotal spin,
And others in their turns absorb
Champagne, or even gin!
There's a time for sober thinking,
There's a time to throw a fit,
A time to climb the heights of rhyme—
My brothers, this is it!

Bring on Thomas Fortune Ryan,
Bring on Thomas Nelson Page,
And Thomas Woodrow Wilson to
The forefront of the stage!

CHRISTMAS, 1912

Play, play the Monticello reel,
Ye bandsmen through your cheers,
For here 's to Old Virginny, ain't
She spry for all her years!
Go whirl, go whirl, oh, merry sphere!
Lo, portents in the sky!
When everybody 's turning queer,
What use is it to cry?
When everybody 's turning good,
What can we do but shout?
What counts is how we feel within;
Not what we do without.

Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas,
To the sinner and the saint!
Do your Christmas shopping early!
Mix some red in with your paint!
Get greens and holly berries,
And mistletoe the door;
Send Christmas cards to all the rich,
And turkeys to the poor!
For the aged earth is spinning
With a quite unusual spin,
And excuse us, please, for grinning
At the kind of times we're in.

CHRISTMAS, 1912

Lift the lid up just a trifle,
Let the inner spirit call
Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas to us all!

TO AN AMBASSADOR

Read at the dinner of the Publishers of Periodicals to Walter H. Page,
Ambassador to England, May 8, 1913.

“It is nip and tuck in these days between the gentlemen who make the progressive political periodicals and the gentlemen who control the railroads and banks and trusts and their employees, to determine who is going to run the country.”

—From *The Reflections of a Beginning Husband*.

ACCLAIM the illustrious day,
The double-leaded hour,
When Page to London sails away
To represent the ruling power
Our country's destinies that guides
And advertises goods besides,
And thereby hangs a tale.

Ferocious was the fight;
The Interests ruled the land
And held its treasures tight
In hollows of their hand.
Despite, or otherwise, the law's intent,
What thing the Interests agreed on went,
Nor knew such word as “fail.”

TO AN AMBASSADOR

Transpired a little crowd
All loaded up with noise,
The Periodicals, that was,
That grew in power and poise.
A spreading crowd that swelled and yelled
And bellowed ever as it swelled
The Interests to assail.

It did the Interests up.
Behold their present fate!
Contrition in their cup;
Indictment on their plate.
Such helpings as the Law allows
Cheat on their board the old carouse,
And leave them sad and pale.

St. George the dragon slew.
The English loved him therefore.
They 'll think a heap of you,
Our Walter Page, and wherefore?
Because ambassador you go
Of us who laid a monster low—
The Periodicals; Us Periodicals!

